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The Ant and the Butterfly, by Albert G. Keller, on page 856

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Roads

THAT old and once loved phrase, "the by-paths of literature," is going out of fashion, even as the by-path and winding road are being oppressed or obliterated by the asphalt highway. No one (this is the theory) rambles in books any more. They read for knowledge, for excitement, for sophistication, for stimulus. This is the theory.

But it is not the fact. The mechanical whirl and hurry world of the modern city is illusory. All seem to hasten with it, all seem to accept its tempo, and speed down the ringing grooves of industrialism. So in appearance, but not in reality. For the tempo of life is not the life itself which it hurries on through noise and change. Only the happily (or is it hapless) born whose energy is geared to their times move in reciprocal effort with the main currents. They—the speedy, the active ones—seem to be the stream itself, but are only its wavelets. There are eddies and backwaters, flotsam and jetsam, wreckage and driftage, in the industrial river. The idlers loafing on the courthouse green of a new power city of the South, are men who cannot keep up with the new speed of life. They idle. And behind faces conformable to the haste of modern experience are still philosophic minds, contemplative, meditative, skeptical of their own haste, brooding when they can.

Dynamism increases, the wheels turn faster, steps are speeded, nerves are stretched tauter, more daily is undertaken though not much more worth counting is done. There is no better solution to the problem than Joshua's, who begged the sun to stand still while he finished his job at leisure; and, unlike him, we can expect no miracle. The busy world will go faster until it goes slower, and we shall not tarry until the turn.

But there are abatements, sedatives, anesthetics, and even mandragoras, that give a chance for rest.

* * *

Let us urge, therefore, with all the confidence of an age that can devise cures almost as fast as it breeds diseases, a zoning system for literature. We need books for the travelers on the express roads that lead at seventy miles an hour from office to factory, and on to nowhere in particular; books for the broken-down and weary parked by the hot-dog stands; books for the by-paths, the fields, and the rutted hill roads through the pastures where the hasty never come. Books of speed; books of escape; books of leisure.

For the first class, lift all restrictions and let them zip. We must have more feverish narrative, more chipped and staccato dialogue, more characters caught as by a moving-picture camera in an express train photographing a crowd streaming by in the opposite direction. Give us more of that lightning realism which is so frank, so sharp that there is no time to consider its significance. What is so crudely visible must be true! Break up consecutiveness as a subway train roaring past stations all alike loses all sense of direction in speed. If we are to live on the gas of an explosion, let us get a full realization of such a life into our literature, for delirious acceleration is new to humanity and may not last long. Let us have, then, a zone of speed, where the music of the spheres becomes the whir of wheels spinning the brain through a reel of experience run off at the speed of sound.

And give us a zone of escape. More romances of illusion for those broken by industrialism; a wider and franker reach into the sentimental for tired imaginations which cannot keep up with reality. A

(*Continued on page* 852)

Diner Macabre

By ADELE DE LEEUW

LIFE invited me to dine,
"Come at seven; don't be late." . . .
There were crystal cups for wine,
Heavy, gold-encrusted plate,

Damask, silken-soft and white,
Gleaming silver, bowls of flowers;
There was promise of delight. . . .
So we sat for several hours.

Life conversed on everything,
Charmingly, of course, as ever.
And I, feebly parroting,
Thought myself, and her, quite clever.

Life leaned toward me—devil-saint—
There was incense, strong and heady;
I was growing rather faint—
Life rose, saying, "Are you ready?"

"But," I cried, "we have not dined!"
"Oh," said Life, "that does not matter.
"Surely you don't really mind?"
Keeping up her steady patter.

"I've an escort waiting for you—
"Sorry—say you understand.
"I do hope Death will not bore you,"
She called after, waved her hand.

I was feeling weak, and thinner,
And my head swam feverishly.
"Did you have a pleasant dinner?"
Death inquired, punctiliously.

So, forgetting lack of meat,
Lack of wine, and only thinking
That Life had been very sweet,
I cried, "Yes!" and went, unwinking,

From the doorway, lighted, warm,
Down the steps, now wet with rain,
With Death clinging to my arm,
Down the long and shadowed lane.

This Week

"American Estimates."
Reviewed by H. L. MENCKEN.

"Worlds within Worlds."
Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD.

"The Cambridge Ancient History."
Reviewed by NORMAN W. DE WITT.

"James Wolfe."
Reviewed by W. P. M. KENNEDY.

"My Life Is In Your Hands."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"The Soul of China."
Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH.

"The Making of the Constitution."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"The Letters of Dorothy Osborne."
Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Philip Kerr Replies.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

English Men Novelists of the '70's.
By HUGH WALPOLE.

Light and Leading *

By H. L. MENCKEN

DR. CANBY is an idealist, but of the variety which remembers that there is such a thing as reality. One hears from him none of the windy music which so-called humanists chant so depressingly, nor any of the mad, glad battle-cries which issue from reformers and revolutionists. He is not at all saddened by the present posture of the national letters. Improvements, of course, he can imagine easily enough, but while they linger he finds plenty of writing that is amusing and not a little that is thrilling. Even Babbitt-hunting does not upset him, though it is not exactly to his taste. He thinks that something might be accomplished by letting Babbitt up for a space, and trying to civilize him by showing him something "that he is not, but may very possibly desire to be," but he does not promote this "very possibly" to the rank and dignity of "very surely."

His discourse on the essential American disease, the *cholera booba,* has much to be said for it. Our trouble, he says, is not that we do not produce enough first-rate men; it is that we do not utilize them sufficiently. The false values in vogue keep them in the background. To the country as a whole they bear the aspect of eccentrics; to wide reaches of it they seem downright dangerous. Not many of them are able to stand up to that pervasive enmity, for strength of character is a good deal rarer than vigor of mind. Either they pitch their song, more or less, to the prevailing tune, or they subside into vain protest and unhappiness. What we need is the liberation of men of that kind, so that they may function freely and get rid of their present dread of their neighbors and the police. But liberating them is plainly going to be a long and hard job, for every time it is attempted by such men as the editor of the *Saturday Review* it is opposed violently by such men as the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

* * *

Dr. Canby is a man of notable amiability, and, as I have hinted, of a generally hopeful and serene cast of mind, but now and then the spectacle in front of him lifts him to something hard to distinguish from indignation. "This mass culture, this semi-barbarism," he exclaims, "is a beast as powerful as the German hordes that swept over the Roman empire, as deadly for civilization as the swarms of the semi-civilized that welled up through the cracks of the classic world and drowned a society as well organized as our own." And then he cuts loose in earnest: "This is the danger. This is Moloch. This is the Beast of the Apocalypse. This is Mammon. This is the Twilight of the Gods." But at once he seems to regret the fury of his ire, and in a moment he is arguing that the way to deal with the beast is to let it wear itself out. Its horrible snorts and grimaces may be, after all, no more than contributions to "a process of world education." Let its stalkers throw away their guns, and "put their energy into works of light and leading."

I wish I could follow my friend here, but it seems to me that it surrenders too quickly. The optimism that was a useful staff is suddenly converted, so to speak, into a hampering cloak. What chance have light and leading got against the *Saturday Evening Post,* which can nab and enchant even so sensitive and self-conscious an artist as Hergesheimer? It is my recollection that Ralph Waldo Emerson once tried them: the visible result today is a series of kittenish essays by young college professors and the

* AMERICAN ESTIMATES. By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $3.

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appalling blather of the New Thought. I recall also Henry David Thoreau: he survives in the Boy Scouts. I go back to Thomas Jefferson: he would no more recognize the Bill of Rights that we know than Christ would recognize Methodism. I come down to Daniel Coit Gilman: his Johns Hopkins has been taken by the babbitti, and he is forgotten. The roll of such men might be lengthened almost endlessly. They all offered light and leading, and they all came gorgeously to grief.

"When the U. S. A.," says Dr. Canby, "in addition to supplying a post office and a federal building to every American city, provides a sage, a saint, or a hero whose job is merely to live there, we shall advance faster on the road to high civilization." But that is precisely the point: the United States, as a nation, is not interested in supplying him, and he would be chased from his station if he volunteered. What shows itself in America is not a mere indifference to light and leading. Above all, it is not an innocent, wistful yearning for them, as of a lost calf for its mother cow. What is visible on all sides is a raucous and implacable hostility to them—an organized intent to put them down. Thoreau, in his day, was laughed at, but that was as far as it went: today he would be jailed. Jefferson, in his, was damned magnificently, but he served two terms as President: today he would be ineligible for any office of trust or honor under the Republic.

It seems to me that there has been a change here, and that no resort to the sentiment of hope can dispose of it. Canby, for once, lets the ideal run away with the real. The barbarian invasion that he confronts is of a kind new to the world, for its troopers do not come from afar but spring up from the soil. To call it an invasion, indeed, is to stretch the meaning of the word: it is actually a rising of the native *chandala*, a revolution from below, a *jacquerie*. Another thing separating it from other such eruptions is the character of its leadership. The men who should be in the field against it are giving it aid. The typical salient American becomes a sort of amalgam of Babbitt and Elmer Gantry, and when he speaks it is in the camp-meeting falsetto of William Jennings Bryan. Thus a Millikan leaps sobbing into the baptismal tank, a Tarkington approaches the throne of Rotary on his knees, and a Hoover hands over the government to Bishop Cannon and the Anti-Saloon League.

* * *

Are light and leading prescribed for this malady? Then it must be on the principle of Samuel Hahnemann, for the patient is already getting too much from the attending quacks. The *Saturday Evening Post* alone is administering a million kilowatt-hours a week, and there is another dreadful dose every time a labor leader is invited to a swell banquet, or a Federal judge mounts the bench, or a Washington correspondent gets an open wire. What is needed, obviously, is not more of the same, even though it may come out of another bottle; what is needed is an antidote. The precise nature of it I do not presume to specify, for I was trained as a pathologist in the school of Skoda, and have no passion for cheating the mortician. But perhaps even a nihilist may suggest that, when light and leading fail to cure, it may be sensible to try a whiff of grape. How many head of Emersons would it take to civilize Mississippi? I guess a hundred thousand, not wishing to seem excessive. Forty hangmen could do it much quicker, beginning with the rev. clergy.

Thus I can't follow Canby in his therapy. In that direction, I believe, mass production is bound to fail. The average, normal American is bound to remain a jackass, for such is the inscrutable will of God, and the typical American leader is bound to remain another, for the Devil pulls him as God pushes. But there is yet room for a minority to function and flourish, and I see no reason why it should not wrest a certain amount of liberty from the implacable fates. Were all of the Athenians civilized in the days of the illumination? I seem to discern a doubt of it in the leading case The People vs. Socrates. Was Renaissance Italy free from bankers, realtors, bishops, college presidents, stock jobbers, boosters, wowsers? The reports I have heard run the other way. Searching the books, I encounter Hoovers, Otto Kahns, Millikans, Cyrus H. K. Curtises, Charlie Schwabs, Jim Watsons, Smoots, Governor Fullers, Dr. Frank Cranes, Billy Sundays, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wises. Searching further, I find Irving Babbitts, Paul Elmer Mores, Edward H. Boks, and Bishop Cannons. Nevertheless, a minority survived, and out of its fight for life there flowed a civilization.

Why not again? I see no impediment in the nature of man. All that is needed to set the thing going, so it seems to me, is a better organization of dissent. As matters stand, there is a vast dispersal of energy and effort, due on the one hand to an unhealthy proliferation of infra-minority *blocs* and on the other hand to a pervasive wariness and irresolution, hard to distinguish from doubt. In brief, the emerging American is still not quite sure of himself. If, venturing into political speculation, he revolts against such mountebanks as Coolidge, it is only to throw himself into the arms of such worse mountebanks as Borah. If, taking the great science of morals as his province, he finds Prohibition too nauseous a dose, he leaps from it protesting virtuously that he is still against the saloon. And if, being of softer fibre, he turns to esthetics, then he almost always drags into it (even to Greenwich Village or the Café du Dôme) his congenital superstitions as a Christian, a taxpayer, a bachelor of arts, and a patriot.

The result is a carnival of folly, with Babbitt roaring over the show. One beholds Professor Babbitt damning the Jews because they are not Greeks, and Waldo Frank belaboring the Nordics because they are not Jews. In politics every Liberal is hitched to some zany across the fence, and so no two Liberals can agree. Parties dissolve into factions, *blocs*, squads, lone wolves. Criticism resolves itself into a series of trials for heresy. Save on the lunatic fringe, the only thing cherished in common is the fear of the righteous. The case of Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" recalls itself. What caused that highly ingenious and illuminating tract to be damned? Was it its lack of truth? Not at all. It was damned for the precisely opposite reason—because it was too painfully true—because it was true beyond the endurance of an *intelligentsia* still removed by only one degree from the Methodist Book of Discipline, and still haunted, on dark nights, by the uneasy feeling that nothing good could ever come of spitting into the pastor's eye.

* * *

Thus, by a circuit, I come back to Canby, and his prescription of light and leading. He is right at bottom, but he takes in too much territory. The business of civilizing the whole American people, even by a hair's-breadth, presents all the cruel difficulties of draining a butt of malmsey at a gulp. It may be done some day, but never by mortal man. Let Canby shut off his dreams of miracles, and apply himself to a practicable concern. Let him try his hand on the American *intelligentsia*, seeking to find out what they have in common and to concentrate their energies upon its promotion and defense. He has, it seems to me, two sound qualifications for the task. The one I have already mentioned: he is a man of hopeful habit, and has an imagination florid enough to make his hopes seem charming to others. The other is a pawky shrewdness which enables him to see clearly the difference between a hawk and a handsaw.

I direct your eye to two chapters in "American Estimates": the first is called "Gyring and Gimbling" and the second "Scholarship." The former, by the ancient device of the *reductio ad absurdum*, reduces the pretensions of the *transition* outfit to complete and horrible imbecility. The job, indeed, is done magnificently. There is, on the surface, the utmost urbanity, but underneath there is the malignancy of a vice crusader. In "Scholarship" the victims are the dismal pedants of the Modern Langauge Association—in other words, Canby's own lodge-brothers. What remains of them, when he lets them go at last, is little save a smell of burnt chalk. In three devastating pages their gaudy nonsense is disposed of forever. Let there be more such operations. Let the clowns be chased out, to give headroom to rational men. And then let us have some light and leading.

My space runs out with only parts of "American Estimates" noticed. But they are plainly the most important parts. The rest of the book develops the themes that they give out—always ingeniously, often very penetratingly, and never without careful regard to manner. Canby's writing strikes me as extraordinarily good. There is never any strain in it, never any sacrifice of simplicity to effect, but all the same it shows hard and honest effort. To write thus, painstakingly and yet, so to speak, innocently, is surely not easy. I seem to see signs of epigrams, of eloquence turned off just in time. They fill me with pleasant sentiments, for I have to read much in contemporary criticism, and I tire of virtuoso pieces, made to alarm rather than instruct. In Canby, despite the debaucheries of New York, a trace of the schoolmaster survives. He tries to give his customers their honest money's worth in light and leading. That is why I nominate him for the task of rounding up the intellectuals, young and old, and teaching them what it is all about.

Sketches With a Difference

WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS. By STELLA BENSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

STELLA BENSON is not a popular writer. The casual novel reader, in America at least—and I fear, also, in England—knows her not. She has her devotees, a small but faithful band, of which I am a pious member; and her devotees can give excellent reasons for their unforced devotion. What they can less easily give are sufficient reasons for the comparative neglect of her work. True, Stella Benson has a subtle, ironic mind, and it can hardly be maintained that subtlety and irony are qualities making for popular acclaim. On the other hand, she has gifts that would seem positively to assure a more general recognition. She can bring people, all manner of people, alive before us with an unerring artistic economy of words; she catches exactly the broken rhythms and peculiarities of contemporary speech; and in this connection, let me add, she is the one English novelist I know—the solitary Phoenix—who can reproduce the daily chatter of Americans as in itself it really and racily—though, for the most part, perhaps, so regrettably—is.

Even the gifted and much traveled Galsworthy is at a sad loss with the American language. He never writes a line of it (dare I say) *correctly*. But Stella Benson has caught our lingo, as she can catch any lingo—for her ear seems to be flawless. Nor is this all. Subtle and ironic she may be, and without a trace of the sentimentality so endearing to most of us; but in addition she can be broadly comic, producing true midriff laughter—or she can pass without sham or faltering to scenes of true tragic pathos which sound the human heart. (If you do not believe this, read "The Poor Man" and ponder well its concluding pages.) And finally, for I must make an end, Stella Benson has a gift that is all her own, for she offers us reality—the unmistakable, hard-boiled thing—but she offers it with a difference. She feels and gets through to us the *eeriness* that is always implicit for sensitive minds in the commonplace of life. There is an authentic magician in her. She presents you with the solidified egg, makes a slight pass over it, and—I can only say that something rather unexpected, rather disquieting, emerges from the egg. Stella Benson is not a little fey.

* * *

"World within Worlds," her latest volume, which I am supposed to be reviewing, is not a novel. It is a collection of those usually wearisome futilities—travel sketches. But Stella Benson is not that kind of globe-trotter; and I am minded to try my hand at a "blurb" for this rewarding collection. So be it.

> If you like to laugh, read "Worlds within Worlds."
> If you like to think, read "Worlds within Worlds."
> If you like to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—

But no, I am not good at this sort of thing! I prefer merely to call the attention of certain contemporary esthetes to one little dynamite bomb which Stella Benson has here, quite amiably, yet deliberately, placed among them. Its fuse is sizzling, and the explosion is over-due. At the end of a brief essay called "Angels and Ancestors" she writes:

> I believe that the Chinese are one of the most prosaic and unoriginal peoples in the world to-day, and have the least to teach us.

Well, there is nothing either subtle or ironic about *that!*

Doubleday, Doran & Company announces a continuation of the Scotland Yard Prize for 1929 with an increased guarantee. For the best mystery or detective story submitted before December 31, 1929, Doubleday, Doran will award a prize of $5,000, $2,500 outright and $2,500 as a guaranteed advance against royalties. The contest is open to all writers, professional or amateur, of whatever nationality, although manuscripts must be submitted in English. The length of the manuscript must be from 75,000 to 100,00 words. Manuscripts must be submitted to Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, New York, and specifically addressed for the Scotland Yard Prize Contest.

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The Ancient World

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY VII. The Hellenistic Monarchies and the Rise of Rome. Edited by S. A. Cook and M. P. Charlesworth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $10.50.

Reviewed by Norman W. De Witt
Cornell University

THE day has long since passed since a Gibbon could complete single-handed the story of an empire. The writing of history has become an international, coöperative enterprise. It is no longer written with the pen alone, but also with the spade. Busy archæologists in every land of Europe are literally sifting the dust of our ancestors to collect the evidence of migrations that were never recorded in ink. Numismatists and epigraphists are conning over coins and inscriptions to disentangle the chronologies of ancient dynasties. The lone scholar labors over his brittle papyrus to reveal the debits and credits of an Egyptian farmer. Between this army of specialists and the reading public stand the middlemen of learning. The historian has become a trained redactor of other men's researches.

To old knowledge the new must be welded. It has long been known, for instance, that the Celts had exploited the whole northern frontier of the Mediterranean in quest of new homes, and had established themselves permanently in Spain, Gaul, Italy, Scythia, and Asia Minor. Mr. de Navarro now describes these migrations with new precision of route and time and demonstrates from the evidence of burials that the original cause was the invasion of the Rhine basin and of central Europe by Nordic hordes from Scandinavian countries. This is an interesting chapter.

In Italy, though southern parts still await the spade, substantial advances in knowledge have been made since Mommsen's time. By means of a double trail of cemeteries the slow, but steady, movement of the Italic races has been traced from the Alps southwards. These trails reach Rome itself but throw light upon the prehistoric period only. Concerning the beginnings of the eternal city itself there is more increase of controversy than of knowledge. Mr. Last manifestly thinks of primitive Rome as perched upon the summit of the Palatine and surrounding hills like medieval villages. Unfortunately the ancient writers assume the hills to have been sacred mounts crowned by groves and sanctuaries while the habitations occupied their flanks and the valleys. Virgil speaks of early Rome as "nestling in the depths of shady vales." This inconsistency is a foreboding of more controversy.

The same trails of Italic burials cross Etruria without throwing any new light upon the mysterious Etruscans. Such slight items of evidence as accrue to our scanty store from time to time have tended to strengthen the ancient tradition of an Asiatic origin. Mr. Last argues somewhat perversely for the persistence of a neolithic race in these parts, which, mingled with Italic Villanovans, produced the Etruscan civilization. We would as soon believe that the American Indian had mingled with Europeans to produce the culture of the United States. Further light is thrown upon the contacts of Etruscans and Gauls in Italy by L. Homo, though his dogmatic tone is at discord with the self-restraint of other contributors to this volume. His style is not free from Gallicisms nor his statements from inaccuracy.

In Spain the work of excavation lags, but Mr. Schulten knows all that is to be known, and writes with the ease that comes of long familiarity and mastery. His generalizations are lucid and his narrative strewn with shrewd observations dear to the hearts of scholars. His insight into economic problems, which fortunately the modern reader requires in a historian, is shared with Mr. Rostovtzeff, who writes of Egypt and Syria. Upon the slight but positive evidence of the papyri he builds up a consistent picture of a busy Ptolemaic household, and this is accomplished without vexing the reader with controversy or misleading him concerning the narrow limits of our information. This tone of reasonableness is shared by Mr. Frank, who treats of the First Punic War and its sequels in Roman administration. To his coherent argumentation is joined a marked suavity of style that entices the reader to read his chapters to the end, and those who own divergent views will have difficulty in escaping from his interpretations.

Outside of the portions mentioned there is little new in this volume. The frustrated experiments of the Greeks in federal government and the merry-go-round of dynastic wars, perpetual motion without progress, remain much the same, though better documented by means of coins and inscriptions. The contributors have done their work with diligent fidelity and general harmony. For instance, the view is consistently maintained that the rise of Rome is to be ascribed to a few simple principles of statecraft and to Roman character rather than to far-sighted policies. For special mention may be singled out the brief chapter by Mr. Angus on the new philosophies, which is a model of brevity, accuracy, and fairness of statement.

Maps are numerous and no doubt accurate because specially prepared, but the insertion of a few arrows here and there would have helped them to tell their story more clearly without detracting from their dignity. The most lifeless maps seem to be found nowadays in the best histories. Abundant indices, tables, and bibliographies render every topic treated very accessible. With the reservations above mentioned this volume may be recommended as a convenient and reliable record of our knowledge up to the time of publication.

Caricature of H. L. Mencken, by Scheel.

A Maker of North America

JAMES WOLFE: Man and Soldier. By W. T. Waugh. Montreal: Louis Carrier & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by W. P. M. Kennedy
University of Toronto

EVERY North American knows something of the romantic experiment in colonization which old France made in New France, and every citizen of the United States knows how in colonial days this highly organized feudal settlement apparently presented a threat not only to civil and religious liberty but also to colonial political aspirations. It is an old story, too, how France and England fought out their imperial rivalries in the Seven Years war and that North America saw great issues resolved. Louisbourg and Quebec, Amherst, Saunders, and Wolfe are names which mark the parting of the ways. When Wolfe and Montcalm, his defeated foe, died together on the Heights of Abraham, and when the French flag was lowered on the ramparts of Quebec, North American history closed one page and opened another.

With the fall of New France the modern Dominion of Canada really began; and with the disappearance of French rule north of the St. Lawrence the American Revolution became a possibility. Thus both the great nations of the North American continent have a vital, if different, interest in the man whose genius conceived the military plan which laid low the strongest fortress outside Europe, whose triumph made it practically inevitable that North America should be not only preponderatingly Anglo-Saxon, but should also forge ahead in democratic principles and work out in a new continent those slowly evolving methods of self-government which in Europe belonged peculiarly to the British people. James Wolfe is one of the fathers of Canada, and, as history was destined to prove, is one of the fathers of the United States. "They have gained Quebec but have lost their thirteen colonies" may indeed be a story foisted on some contemporary observer of the scene by a wisdom endowed after the event. Be that as it may, the fall of Quebec holds an important and pivotal place in North American history.

Professor Waugh of McGill University, Montreal, has then a fine audience, as it were, to whom he can tell the story of those closing days of French rule and of the beginnings of what turned out to be almost unforseen developments. It is well that it should be told by a competent and skilled historian. For Wolfe was by no means the lucky soldier of the schoolbooks, to whom a stroke of fortune brought magnificent success and deathless glory. As we read Professor Waugh's pages, we see slowly emerge,—and that in an age of military inefficiency,—a man to whom professional skill became a passion. When Pitt called him to the great and final adventure, he was risking the military destinies of a finely planned piece of foreign policy to the hands of one of the very few British soldiers who appeared to combine professional knowledge with that *nescio quid* which raises a man in any walk of professional life above his fellows. We may call it genius, or intuition, or anything that we will, James Wolfe had it. From the earliest days of his soldiering in Flanders, through the "Forty-five," through the routine of garrison duty, through the Louisbourg and Gaspé campaigns, to the victory which dying he achieved—all the history standing out vividly in Professor Waugh's pages—we see an evolving growth in military accomplishment, with touches here and there of that indefinable something which culminated in Wolfe's plan,—one of the world's great stories of inspired strategem—through which the Heights of Abraham were scaled and victory secured.

Professor Waugh's chapters, however, do more than reveal Wolfe's progress as a soldier. They disclose the man: his oddnesses, his social awkwardness, his love affairs, his ambitions, his Parisian experiences, and so on. In addition, the thirty-two years of his life (1727-1759) are reviewed against a background of social and political activities. Professor Waugh does not isolate his subject. He fits him skilfully into the scheme of history. His narrative then has a sense of width, of purpose, of comprehension which are all too often wanting in military biography. Professor Waugh has also a fine sense of form. Throughout he writes in clear-cut, simple, and practical English, and from his pages peeps out a spirit of quiet and kindly humor. In the closing scenes, which belong to the eternal tales which old men tell children, there was plenty of room for rhetoric, for high words to deal with high empires. Professor Waugh is not moved to make any experiments here. The story carries its own weight of interest. It is told simply as a soldier's story, with a modesty which is the native garment of heroic genius. This is indeed a book to read, and the publishers have added the charm of beautiful printing and binding and of excellent maps and illustrations.

A Comedian's Life

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS. By Eddie Cantor, as told to David Freedman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

EDDIE CANTOR'S life up until his thirty-sixth year, when the comedian sits himself down to write his autobiography—or to tell enough of it so that his "ghost-writer," Mr. David Freedman, can write it for him—is an example of the American success-legend carried, if not to the *n*th power, at any rate to a sort of jazzed apotheosis.

A spindley-pop-eyed, flop-eared, lower-East-Side Jewish lad, orphaned at two years, living from hand to mouth in the gutters, on tenement roofs and fire-escapes, along with the gangs of his neighborhood, there was nothing "on paper" to show, when the 1900's began, that he would not grow up into a first-class pickpocket or gunman. "Who could tell," he asks, describing his early driftings between his impulse to act and get a laugh and to hang round street corners and pool rooms and become a gangster, "which would become a Gyp the Blood or Lefty Louie and which a Marcus Loew or Irving Berlin . . . travel up the river to the chair or up the ladder to the throne? . . ."

Well, Eddie traveled to the "throne." For his last picture in Hollywood he received $114,000, or about $24,000 a week. "Kid Boots," in which he was starred, "ran to a box-office of $1,750,000 in New York, traveled on the road until late in 1926,

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and earned a gross total of three million dollars." When he threw in his lot with the Equity strikers in 1919, he lost thereby a chance to play opposite Marilyn Miller in "Sally," "which, as figures afterward proved, would have yielded me nearly four hundred thousand dollars. But I sincerely enjoyed the sacrifice and felt more than repaid."

* * *

The boy who couldn't keep a job; who would beg one of his friends who could, for a dime —"I didn't eat for two days"—who picked up small change at Bowery "amateur-nights," and sang sometimes as often as one hundred times during the evening as a waiter-entertainer in a Coney Island saloon for $3 an evening "and cakes," is now a millionaire. He has his country estate, a happy wife, and five children, whose very physical beings, along with the triumphant father's, seem to have been metamorphosed by success, and is by way of becoming a philanthropic Aladdin to the generation of East Side youngsters who are reliving more or less what Eddie Cantor himself lived and worked through a generation ago.

The mere objective facts of such a transformation are, so to say, story enough. Certainly they are enough for the principal actor in them, and doubtless would be for almost anybody who had been through the same mill with similar results. An outsider, examining such a "classic" example of the American miracle, with more curiosity about underlying forces and less obvious meanings, might tell much that is left untold here and return less frequently and less ingenuously to the pragmatic proofs of salvation. But everything in its time and place. It isn't everybody who can laugh a million dollars out of other people's pockets, and if the man who has accomplished that feat, starting at rather less than scratch, doesn't incline to Stracheyize himself at the instant in which he is busily continuing the process as the star of "Whoopee!," his more or less impecunious readers are possibly not in the position to make too much fuss.

* * *

Roughly speaking, in this narrative, Mr. Cantor keeps strictly within his usual rôle of comedian. There are flashes of sober affection for Grandma Esther, the old Jewish woman who came over from Russia to help her frail and failing daughter and became both mother and father to the boy. There are paragraphs, here and there, which seem to come from somebody else, as if they had been clipped out of Dickens:

> . . . It was the last day of January, 1892, in a small gaslit bedroom on Eldridge Street, on a biting cold night usually good for theater audiences, at about the time the regular overture begins, that I made my début before a packed house. The excited voices of relatives and friends, the clamor of street wagons, the sounds of the Russian balalaika from the tea-house, the muffled groans of my mother and my father's plaintive fiddle, all joined in a strange ovation on my first appearance . .

And toward the end there are some possibly necessary, but slightly mealy, references to the millionaire comedian's various philanthropies. For the most part, however, whatever phase of his career he is narrating, the author, or that hybrid personality made up of what he himself had told and what his amenuensis puts into type, takes care that he shall always get his laugh.

* * *

The pages are spattered with wise-cracking. There are extensive quotations from the lines of various sketches and musical shows in which Mr. Cantor has appeared. It is never dull; often funny; always, in its own way, "human"; but viewed as genuine autobiography, rather too much is arranged and dramatized; too often the reader is "kidded" along for a paragraph or a page, in order that the author may snap his wisecrack at the end.

There are unconventional glimpses of Will Rogers (who contributes an introduction), Fanny Brice, Bert Williams, Florenz Ziegfeld, Irving Berlin, and a long list of popular music-hall and musical comedy entertainers, some of whom have had almost as startling changes in their lives as Eddie Cantor himself. Not the least interesting part of the book are the photographs, many of them informal snap-shots, going clear back to the days when Eddie was a flap-eared youngster minus several of his first front teeth. The contrast between some of these early pictures and the contemporary family group, gathered round the piano, is as dramatic as anything in the narrative, and seems a brief for the Shavian argument that poverty is less a misfortune than a sort of crime.

Understanding China

THE SOUL OF CHINA. By RICHARD WILHELM. Text translated by JOHN HOLROYD REECE. Poems translated by ARTHUR WALEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $3.75.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

THAT the increase in facility of communication has revolutionized the modern world is a remark so trite as to be scarcely worth the utterance, yet the implication lingering behind the utterance is, as yet, barely realized. If intercommunication between the proverbial ends of the earth be established, the inhabitants of those two ends must perforce learn mutual comprehension,—a long and painful task demanding the by no means universal qualities of application, sympathy, imagination, and tolerance.

Probably imagination is, of all four qualities, the least easy to command. It is so incalculably difficult to imagine a social system different from one's own, —one with a different code of morals, a different outlook on life, and, most important of all, a different sense of values; one which is nevertheless a system, not merely a manner of living, and one which has stood the buffeting of ages. Yet it can, and must, be done.

Take the case of China: her inhabitants number approximately a quarter of the world's population; her confines, stretching to the Four Points, cover a territory in which Europe could easily be deposited; her literature is probably the most voluminous extant, her art universal in its appeal; yet the ideals supporting her social structure are but dimly understood. Such a state of affairs should not persist, nor is there any reason that it should; interpreters, although few, exist, and among them none is more inspired than Richard Wilhelm. That he has had unique opportunity may be said; that he has made unique use of such opportunity must be added. Called to China to the newly formed German Colony at Tsingtao at the turn of the century, he saw what was then considered the unchanging East. For twenty-five years and more he watched the "changeless" change with bewildering rapidity, and yet his vision has discerned a certain continuity, a thread of logical development, which has prevented the wheel of transmutation from whirling into space.

* * *

Two points, however, must be kept in mind while reading the extremely interesting record of his sojourn in the Central Flowery State: first, the book describes the "indigenous soul" of the people—if one may so express oneself: a soul which ceased to develop on indigenous lines when, in 1905, by a stroke of the writing brush, the Confucian culture was abolished as a foundation of the State. Second, it was written several years ago (it appeared in German early in 1926) and it is obvious that the writer has not witnessed the cataclysmic events of the last two years. His point of view in regard to modern affairs is that held by the great majority of thinking people until the end of 1926; I found it freely expressed by all classes of the community on reaching Shanghai in the autumn of that year; it is, however, a point of view later falsified by facts. Be that as it may, the value of Dr. Wilhelm's book lies in the extraordinarily vivid picture it gives of conditions during the years he spent in China, of the years packed with incident which brought experience of infinite variety, brought intercourse with the sages of old China, with Princes of the Manchu house, who when revolution made their position in Peking untenable, took refuge within the colony; with the Japanese who at the outbreak of the World War besieged the place, and with the terrified Chinese multitudes who fled. Through this kaleidoscopic experience Dr. Wilhelm trod with even step, always observant, always sympathetic, tolerant, and imaginative.

* * *

The zest, too, for travel possessed him, and he accomplished journeys to many places seldom visited by strangers from the West, seeing each with a comprehensive and discriminating eye. The web of Chinese life with its intricate strands was unfolded as he watched, and one by one he followed the strands through the warp and weft of village experience. This unravelling results in a fascinating record as varied and as vivid as it is sincere and accurate. Country life as it follows the calendar, well punctuated by festivals; pilgrimages to holy sites carried out in simple faith; visits to cave temples on northern boundaries, to magic gardens in southern mountains; beggars, thieves and robbers; missionaries and their struggles; occultism and religious movements; Chinese reforms; the Revolution; and an analysis of social intercourse, are among the subjects treated in a forceful style.

A curious error has crept in. Dr. Wilhelm says: "English opium ships carried the first Protestant Missionaries to China." Now, it is well known that the English regulations regarding missionary travel were extremely strict and this statement is not in accordance with fact. Robert Morrison, the first Protestant Missionary to China wrote on Dec. 23, 1806, to his brother Thomas, as follows:

> You must understand that none of our missionaries can go out to India in an English vessel without the express leave of the East India Co. Their leave was solicited for the Baptist missionaries who are now at Serampore, and they refused it. Our missionaries who are now in India went out in foreign neutral vessels. Our Society never asked their leave but now think of doing so for me.

This permission was not granted and Robert Morrison was obliged to travel to China by way of New York, a route adopted by other early missionaries as well.

A word of protest, too, must be entered in regard to the utter chaos which exists in the transliteration of Chinese names. These are spelt throughout the book in complete disregard of existing systems. It is essential, if comprehension of China is to grow in the West, that publishers make a stand in this important matter; that they demand of their authors care in following some recognized scheme. The system most widely used is, of course that known as the 'Wade' system, the principal dictionaries being compiled according to its tenets.

Roads

(*Continued from page* 849)

literature of fatigue, soothing, vicarious, hopeful, full of pictures of a world resembling this one only in its successes, but easier and quieter—a possible world for low energies or feeble wills.

And last the zone of leisure. But for that there are already a thousand books that need only by-paths or fields where a man can sit down to read them, and a better understanding that for soul's health they must be read. Here lie the books where power and swiftness are not confounded, books come of a long brooding, books where the electric current of thought is used for healing, books where time runs backward or stands still—the servant of the reader, and no hurrying devil driving him through space.

The great books of the past are books of leisure and perhaps need no zoning. They make their own zones. But those who cultivate leisure today, choosing the hill road instead of the speedway, are secretive souls, easily abashed by the noisy, and they offer their wares timidly as goods that may be refused. But what they have to sell is the best we can purchase. Slow down your car, turn off the engine, let the wheels turn into the laurel lane, stop, rest, be quiet, wait, and see what comes out of the shadows where time has paused.

Charles Dickens's writing desk, on which he wrote all his greatest work from the age of twenty-one until his death, is worth only an infinitesimal part of the value of the manuscripts written upon it.

Just $25 was paid for this piece of furniture at Sotheby's auction rooms, where a copy of the first edition of his novel "A Tale of Two Cities" the day before brought $6,500. The sum of $25 also purchased Robert Burns's bannock toaster, and Tennyson's cloak, of black broadcloth with a bronze chain and hook, brought only $30.

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The American Constitution

THE MAKING OF THE CONSTITUTION. By CHARLES WARREN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THERE is little that is exactly new about Mr. Warren's book, but its plan is so well conceived and the execution so admirable as to make it a scholarly contribution of real importance. Every student of the Constitution knows that the instrument was framed with difficulty, that some of its most weighty provisions provoked acrimonious discussion in the convention and were agreed to only as a result of compromise, and that the share of this, that, or the other delegate in what was finally done has been variously championed or denied. Mr. Warren has had the happy idea of presenting, under a day-by-day arrangement, not only the entries in the Convention journal, but also letters, newspaper articles, or other contemporary matter relating to the proceedings, thereby enabling us to see just how, when, and why the Constitution took form. With the exception of the newspaper extracts, the primary material used has been available for some time in such monumental works as Professor Max Farrand's "Records of the Federal Convention" and the "Documentary History of the Federal Constitution" issued by the Government, but Mr. Warren is the first to sift and arrange this and other data in a form which those who are not specialists, as well as those who are, can avail themselves of with relative ease, as well as with entire assurance that they are getting the whole story.

The plan, of course, has its limitations, and its execution is not at all points even. Mr. Warren disclaims any intention of writing another treatise on American constitutional law, but he nevertheless allows himself to call attention from time to time to judicial interpretations of constitutional provisions which the Convention left unclear. There are more such provisions than he notes, and his references to court decisions, if they were to appear at all, might well have been multiplied. Some of the letters, again, although placed under their proper dates, were written at times when the writer could not have known that the topics to which they relate were under consideration, and their influence upon the Convention, accordingly, would seem to have been at best only indirect. These are minor matters, however, and do not detract seriously from the great usefulness of the book as a whole.

* * *

The Convention, as presumably everybody knows, sat with closed doors, and the Constitution was in fact an open covenant far more secretly arrived at than were the Paris peace treaties. The secret was extraordinarily well kept. Once when Washington, who presided, was handed a paper which a member had dropped containing some proposition which the Convention had been considering, he openly reprimanded the member for his carelessness, entreated the gentlemen "to be more careful lest our transactions get into the newspapers," threw the paper on the table with the remark, "There it is, let him who owns it take it," and left the room. "It is something remarkable," notes Major Pierce of Georgia, who relates the incident, "that no person ever owned the paper." The French chargé d'affaires did, indeed, on one occasion, send to the Foreign Office a letter in which he gave "a surprisingly accurate description of the work of the Convention" up to date, but as late as August 13, 1787, when the Convention had been nearly three months in session, a published letter purporting to tell what was going on did not contain "a single fact" that was accurate.

Not the least of the merits of Mr. Warren's plan is the opportunities which it gives him to point out what was or was not in the mind of the Convention at a particular time. One of the most important of these comments, and in itself a valuable contribution, has to do with the crucial question of the right of the Federal courts to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional. Speaking of the situation on July 18, at which time the record of debates shows that "while many delegates expressly admitted the existence of the power of the Courts to hold acts of Congress void, no delegates denied its existence, though two disproved of both the existence and the exercise of power," he observes:

> There is one plain reason why the subject was not more fully discussed, which has not been adverted to by legal writers—and that is, that the form in which the Constitution was drafted at the time of the debates on June 4, June 6, and June 21 made it practically impossible that any case could arise in which an act of Congress would be likely to be held unconstitutional. It will be noted that, on these dates, the powers of Congress were not specifically limited, as in the Constitution when finally adopted; but that Congress was empowered "to legislate in all cases for the general interests of the Union and also in those to which the States are separately incompetent, or in which the harmony of the United States may be interrupted by the exercise of individual legislation." Now, it is evident under such a broad grant of power, the discretion of Congress was practically unlimited. Certainly, no Court would ever hold that any specific act of legislation was *not* "for the general interests of the Union," or was *not* one "in which the States are separately incompetent," or was *not* one in which the harmony of the United States may be interrupted"—if Congress should have expressly determined to the contrary by passing the statute. Hence, at that time, it was almost impossible to conceive of a case arising in which, as a matter of fact, a Court would be in position to hold an act of Congress void.

A long introductory chapter gives an excellent account of the movement in behalf of a revision of the Articles of Confederation, and another reviews the attitude of the delegates, the public, and the press. The second of these chapters gives Mr. Warren an opportunity to combat the view that economic interests dominated the Convention. Appendices contain some useful bibliographical notes and some extracts from documents.

Illustration from an old volume.

Here Are Ladies

PROCESSION. By FANNIE HURST. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

THE SLOWER JUDAS. By G. B. STERN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

STRANGE FRUIT. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

HERE are three collections of short stories by three women novelists. Whether fair or unfair, it is a fact that the novelist's public is inclined to resent such incursions into the short story field. A new title by a novelist suggests a new novel; short stories always suggest a gathering together of magazine sketches which possibly, and indeed quite probably, have already been read. A casual investigation of private libraries will show groups of four or five novels by favorite contemporary novelists and no books of short stories by the same writers. Small circulating libraries say that patrons, glancing through prospective selections, return the short stories to the shelf and go home novel-laden. These evidences of disapproval do not, inconsistently enough, hold valid in regard to the work of a short story writer *per se*.

Fanny Hurst falls into both categories. From the beginning of her career she has shown an amphibious dexterity in plunging from the comparatively calm earth of the novel into the crowded waters of the short story. "Procession" really is a procession. All sorts of people go marching by, forced into line from without or within, and bent on simple ends or strange. In "The Left Hand of God" there is the young tea-tester in love with the exotic, the exquisite, stirred by scents, by words, by textures. While he is away with beauty, his wife comes to know in anguish that she has born him a creature of ugliness. She sees no way out. Miss Hurst does; but the story loses its delicate reality at the expedient. "The Hossie-Frossie" never does lose its reality; it is Miss Hurst at her short-story best. "Give This Little Girl a Hand" tells the story of a nightclub hostess. Everyone will think of the same blonde New Yorker when reading it. Hope has never sprung more eternally, or pitifully, in the human heart than in the abject little "Third Husband."

One feels somewhat defrauded at finding so intriguing a title as "The Slower Judas" to be merely a name within a name and not at all coming up to its promise of being tremendously significant. An Englishman has a famous son and a famous father. His being constantly mistaken for the one or the other makes his life a series of explanations and denials. Finally he pretends to be both, and life looks up a bit. "The Slower Judas" is the name of a proposed novel by the famous son. Most of the stories in Miss Stern's book are rather beautifully worked fragments. The wisp of a mood, the twist of a character, or the mere trick of chance set in motion the subtle processes that in the end turn out something so slight, so finished, that one is torn between irritation and admiration. These stories seem like shining webs spun across the commonplace, almost too fragile to hold even the fancy.

In her early work Phyllis Bottome showed herself not afraid of an honest shocker now and then. Some of her stories fairly trembled in their impact with the melodramatic. Since then she has swerved to the more purely psychological novel but she has carried with her the same virility and things continue to happen with force in her books, but on the psychological level. There are twenty stories in "Strange Fruit," and they are all worth reading. They are various in their aims and in their themes, but in each some phase of human psychology is clarified and they are told by a story-teller. The greater light in "The Lesser Light" is said to be Virginia Woolf. One does not mind that, but it is hard to accept Hyacinthe, the heroine of "The Miracle," as Eleanora Dusé, as rumor says we should. The story is particularly lovely in purity of mood and tone—but Dusé?

In the Best Tradition

SHEILA BOTH-WAYS. By JOANNA CANNAN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

WHY is it that so much first-rate literary work is being done by contemporary Englishwomen? For one Englishman who has emerged as a writer since the war—say, Aldous Huxley—there must be at least a dozen young Englishwomen whose writings command, and deserve, both critical praise and public acclaim. And now there is another to be reckoned with, Miss Joanna Cannan, whose "Sheila Both-Ways" is in the best tradition of leisurely, well-bred fiction. It deals with people of character and charm, who face the ordinary problems of life with courage and commonsense, and who follow the dusty ways of duty in preference to the primrose paths of self-indulgence.

The book begins with Sheila Clavering stepping up to the altar with Douglas Toye. Sheila's father, Andrew Clavering, is a brilliant, improvident barrister; her sister Dorian, is a hard-headed student of science; Sheila herself, well, "it was characteristic of Sheila that she inked her finger when she signed her name." But the Toyes were a Family. In the dry-goods trade, they were solid, and stolid, and reliable, and dull. To the Toyes kissing was "an expression of occasion rather than emotion." "The Claverings come of a gifted and generous race, spend themselves early, and do not outstay their welcome." When the officiating Bishop assures the young couple that they "cannot have it both ways" he pronounces sentence of a tragically successful marriage upon Sheila.

It is marriage, with a vengeance. Sheila gives birth, in rapid succession, to Elizabeth, to Anne, and to Torquil Toye. She lives in a suburban villa, "Lamorna," and has to deal with a husband who goes religiously to business and who "was not at all anxious about Sheila's health, for she was a strong girl, and, as he repeatedly told her, the mortality among women at childbirth worked out at only a fraction more than one per cent." Even the war made very little difference to the essential Toye system. Miss Cannan, in this connection, is to be congratulated for having set down more succinctly than any other recent writer the effect of the war upon the generations which fought and watched it:

> The war to her (Sheila's) calamitous generation was life as God made it and you had got to live it: and into

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the worst of it she had sent a particularly cautious and competent man. Mrs. James was of another generation, a generation too old to learn new tricks. The war was an incredible and hellish inferno where a medley of platoons, patrols, brigades and battalion were hurled to death and mutilation at places the names of which she could neither remember nor pronounce: and into the worst of it she had sent her little son.

Douglas Toye came through the war safely and returned to find the family business still dominated by the elder generation and rapidly running to seed. A high-pressure salesman, "not quite" a gentleman, named Robert Marston, was hired to push things along. He did remarkably well and he proved to be the man whom Sheila should have married. He and Sheila have a mild flirtation, but when the time comes to choose between staying in the London suburbs and eloping to America, she chooses the suburbs. She discovers that she can't have it both ways and that her sister Dorian was right when she said, "Life is a dinner. One can't have both thick and clear soup, both white wine and red."

The novel is couched in a piquant prose, which threads its clever way between the humorous and the apt. The characterization is brilliantly indirect. Of Mrs. Toye, it is said that "like many intensely religious people she did not appear to feel the least satisfaction in drawing nearer to her God." Of another lady, it is neatly put that, on a certain occasion, "instinctively she spoke in the voice which she used when she addressed foreigners, artists, hawkers, or the aged poor." The whole effect of such a novel is refreshing and delightful. Too candid to sentimentalize a tedious marriage, it is yet too true to life entirely to dismiss marriage for romance. Done with competence, grace, and humor, "Sheila Both-Ways" is one of the most promising first novels which has appeared from the pen of an Englishwoman since Rose Macaulay's "Told by an Idiot" bore witness to the emergence of a new school of English literature, that post-war group of Englishwomen who are doing the best work of their generation in the field of letters and of which Miss Cannon is now a member in her own right.

Brilliant Writing

WHEN WILLIAM CAME: A Story of London under the Hohenzollerns. By "SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO). New York: Viking Press. 1929. $1.75.

THE SQUARE EGG: With Other Sketches, and Three Plays. The same.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

POSTHUMOUS deification is a dangerous thing for an author. The small but enthusiastic sect which cherishes the memory of the late H. H. Munro has lately promoted the republication of the bulk of his writing, including a good deal that might have been left to oblivion in the files of the *Morning Post* and the *Bystander*. But "When William Came," and the longest of the items in the volume called "The Square Egg," are sufficient proof of "Saki's" quality.

Before the war it was a favorite sport of literate Englishmen to write books forecasting their country's defeat, or narrow escape from defeat, at the hands of the Germans. Munro varied the formula by taking the defeat for granted and giving a sketch (it is not a story) of an England already conquered and annexed as a new Reichsland. Here his contempt for London society and his love for the English countryside had all the room they needed. There are plenty of the famous "Saki" epigrams, but they are means, not ends; it is not the boulevardier but the expert political reporter who writes this book, and you cannot help feeling that granted his premise, most of his conclusions are inevitable. Some readers may be annoyed by his stiff Toryism, but if that philosophy has grave faults, it has considerable merits too. Munro never wrote a better line than his comment on a radical paper's suggestion, at the beginning of August, 1914, that by remaining neutral England could capture all the trade of the belligerents: "There seems to be some confusion of mind in these circles of political thought between a nation of shopkeepers and a nation of shoplifters."

The second of these volumes is gravely mistitled. "The Square Egg" is one of a number of mildly amusing sketches which might as well have been left *in situ*. The long biographical memoir by Munro's sister is chiefly of domestic interest, though it incorporates an unfinished fragment of a Garden-of-Eden story, written twenty years before American authors began to view man's first disobedience with a twentieth-century eye, which suggests that if Saki had ever finished that story, it could have held its own even with Philip Littell's "This Way Out."

But nearly half this volume is taken up by a play called "The Watched Pot," which apparently was never produced. Why? It is slight in plot and incident, but no more so than plays that were being produced twenty years ago, when it was written, and are being produced now; and "The Watched Pot" is the most coruscant exhibition of epigram that was ever written for the English stage. Neither Wilde nor Shaw ever packed so many good lines into three acts; and they are lines that not only go off, but that have durability. After twenty years, not half a dozen of them would have to be stricken out as anachronisms. Surely Mr. Morley, who is a Sakiolater, and Mr. Gribble, whose mood is so like that of "The Watched Pot," might devote some of the profits of their antiquarian excavations to the production of this most brilliant of modern British fireworks displays.

English Love Letters

THE LETTERS OF DOROTHY OSBORNE TO WILLIAM TEMPLE. Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $7.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

IT is now forty years since Judge Parry's first publications of Dorothy Osborne's letters, and the letters have been slowly gaining something of the popularity which they deserve. At least seven editions before Mr. Moore Smith's have appeared, and the inclusion of the book in the Everyman and Wayfarer's libraries has made it generally available in an inexpensive form. For more than one reason, the letters are of exceptional interest. Written in the middle of the seventeenth century, they are the earliest considerable series of English love letters which has come down to us. They tell in great detail a true story of a pair of star-crossed lovers whose constancy triumphed over many obstacles—hostility between their families, parental opposition, long separation, misunderstanding, and malicious gossip. Temple and Dorothy saw each other seldom, and were in constant dread of being spied upon. "The fears and surprises, the crosses and disorders of that day, 'twas confused enough to be a dream, and I am apt to think sometimes it was no more. But no, I saw you; when I shall do it again, God only knows," writes Dorothy after one of these troubled visits. The lovers dared not even correspond openly; they wrote to each other under cover of trusted friends; sometimes they disguised the writing of the address. They constantly feared (and with good reason) that their letters might be intercepted or stolen. Apart from the interest of the story, the letters are memorable as a picture of an English girl of good family in the time of the Commonwealth. We become acquainted with the routine of her daily life; with her occupation, recreations, visits, reading, gossip; with her thoughts, feelings, and tastes. The greatest charm of the letters, however, lies not in their typical but in their individual quality; they give us a portrait, better and more living than Sir Peter Lely's, of Dorothy Osborne herself, one of the most admirable and delightful girls to be found within the covers of a book.

The history of the letters themselves is unusual. Temple fully recognized their value; he carefully preserved them (though he destroyed his own), and transmitted them to his descendants. They first became known in 1836, when Courtenay printed liberal extracts from them in an appendix to his life of Temple. Macaulay, whose essay on Temple reviewed Courtenay's book, praised them heartily if a trifle condescendingly, and enrolled himself with something of a flourish among Dorothy's "servants." Macaulay's comments led Judge Edward Abbott Parry to seek acquaintance with the letters and publish them.

The justification of Mr. Moore Smith's volume is that no previous edition has been at once complete and scholarly. The text of Parry's first edition (reprinted in 1889 and 1901) was incomplete, seven entire letters and important parts of others being omitted; it was also based on a very inaccurate transcript. In 1903 Professor Gollancz published (in The King's Classics series) an edition based on a new and much more careful copy of the manuscript, and printed the complete text of several letters from which paragraphs had been omitted in Parry's version. This edition, however, was suppressed as infringing upon Parry's copyright. In the same year Parry brought out a new edition including the previously omitted passages and the seven letters which had previously been unpublished. He corrected most of the more serious errors in his earlier text (though a number of minor ones escaped him), and improved the order of the letters. This 1903 edition of Parry's has been reprinted in the Everyman and Wayfarer's Library series. All of these editions were intended for popular reading, and all of them therefore modernize Dorothy's spelling and punctuation; Judge Parry indeed refers to his text as a "translation" of the letters.

For scholars, at least, Mr. Moore Smith's edition definitely supersedes all its predecessors. It gives an accurate text, preserving Dorothy's spelling and punctuation, except that the editor has sometimes introduced a period or substituted one for a comma. It supplies an elaborate commentary, with textual notes, explanation of allusions, and a rather formidable apparatus of appendices. Many references to persons not hitherto identified are cleared up. But the most important service of the new editor, next to his supplying a correct text, concerns the order of the letters. Since the majority are undated, it is necessary to depend on internal evidence. Mr. Moore Smith has considerably improved Judge Parry's order, making more than thirty changes, and has thus greatly clarified the story. There is still room for doubt as to the dates of some letters, in particular a group written by Dorothy to Temple some time after their marriage, and not included in any previous edition; but in general Mr. Moore Smith's order commends itself at once through the striking gain in narrative values. It is to be hoped that the publishers will be able to issue a popular-priced edition of his text, with some abridgment of his notes and the omission of most of the eleven appendices.

The reviewer would urge the inclusion of two letters which Mr. Moore Smith omits and which have been included in previous editions, one written by Dorothy to her husband in 1670, and the other a charming note written to him by their little daughter Diana. Dorothy's spelling needs no "translation"; but in a popular edition editorial severity might be relaxed to the extent of modifying her capitalization. In spite of modernist poetry, the general reader is bothered by sentences which begin with a small letter. Dorothy seems to have been impartial in this matter, sometimes beginning a sentence with a capital and sometimes not, so that regularizing her practice would do her no injustice. One or two errors in the notes may be worth mentioning. In Letter 13, "Is it possible she can be indifferent to anybody?" means "can she be an object of indifference to anybody?" In the notes on Letter 70, Mr. Moore Smith repeats a mistake made by both Parry and Gollancz, to the effect that the part played by Dorothy in Sir William Berkeley's "The Lost Lady" was that of Hermione. Dorothy says that she is the "lost lady"; a reading of the play makes it clear that this is not Hermione, but Milesia Acanthe. In general, however, Mr. Moore Smith's notes are excellent. It is perhaps no more than a pleasant coincidence that this admirable edition of the letters was issued in the tercentenary year of Temple's birth.

" 'Book-Day,' " says the London *Observer*, "is an innovation in Germany which will be celebrated this year for the first time on Goethe's birthday, March 22. It is to be an annual event.

"The underlying idea is to make people read more books, even if they do not buy more books—that is to say, the cultural institutes are throwing themselves as heartily into it as the publishers. Germans, particularly of the younger generation, do not read as much as they did.

"Schools, the broadcasting stations, the churches of all denominations, the cinemas, and clubs of all descriptions are agreed that 'books are a nation's most sacred possession.' Reading, it is considered, must be popularized again, and the best way to do so is this form of public propaganda, conducted under the auspices of the Minister of the Interior."

Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Apple Cart," which is to be produced in England next August, is said to be a story laid in England at some time in the future. The king is supposed to abdicate in favor of his son, and then, as a private citizen, takes up a political career.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

TWO-THIRDS PORTRAIT

(of a member of the publishing fraternity not to be confused with the author)

HE did not ask to come into the world, but having been given a free ticket has decided to stay and see the show. His physiognomy bears a closer resemblance to that of Abraham Lincoln than to that of Machiavelli. He is careless in the use of a razor, particularly on Monday morning. He prefers Bach to Beethoven and believes that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. He spends his days in the company of those who make and unmake books, but did not stunt the growth of his mind by going to college. He seldom talks about his family and eats neither spinach nor watermelon. His eyes are luminous orbs which stray this way and that as if the earth were a patch of clover on which he was forbidden to graze. He dresses only in blue.

He is a cross between an early Christian martyr and a voluptuary of the Cinquecento. His strongest expletive is "Go fly a kite!" If he knew pain in his youth he has long since dispensed with the services of this handmaiden. His favorite authors are Conrad Aiken and Dostoevsky. He misquotes T. S. Eliot before dinner and after breakfast. No gentleman, he says, can be an artist. He smokes his own cigarettes only when no one else has any. During June, July, and August he uses Odorono. He has never read the whole of a manuscript, circular, or blurb on which he sets the stamp of his approval. Declaring himself an extrovert, he is the complete introvert. He believes all crime to be pathological and regrets the passing of Lola Montez. Extolling the virtues of free love, he is a frequent and invariably legal, father.

When walking, he throws his awkward six feet forward with an air compounded of studied abstraction and amused indifference. He admires the chunky solids of Peter Brughel but gets no spinal chill from Wagner. His handwriting is illegible and therefore characteristic. He has four hundred and seventy-nine moods and can turn off thought as easily as if it were a hot-water faucet. He looks like a gipsy and has met Havelock Ellis. When saying "Hello" over the telephone he accents the first syllable. He is always careful to build list advs. around a focal point. Aiming to deceive others he frequently deceives himself. He refuses to introduce one person to another. Children he calls infants. He does not throw away his collars as soon as they are worn out. He is a riddle to himself, but the architecture of "Ulysses" is as clear to him as an advanced case of mumps to the family doctor.

He detects a rhythmic affinity between Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial" and the beat of surf upon the coast of Maine. Gentle and sympathetic by nature, he prefers his eggs hard-boiled. He is not skilled in the art of flattery, but takes an interest in the courtship of elephants and tortoises. Surreptitiously, he sucks Life-savers. One of the too-late born, he has not allowed his anachronism to become a handicap. He avoids formal dinners but scrapes his plate when circumstances force him to attend. Even the Pyramids he considers sentimental. He has never seen a hole he couldn't get out of, and goes to the dentist's when he has no other luncheon engagement. A week-end Sabine Horace, he weeds asparagus in summer and chops wood in winter. The Aristotelian definition of tragedy meets with his unqualified approval. He always takes home *The Bookman*, *The New Yorker*, *The Arts*, and *The New Masses*, and forgets to return them to the office files. Whenever he lights his pipe he closses his right eye.

He can hear the splash of fountains in the music of Debussy and has a goldfish named Paul. When embarrassed or bored he clears his throat audibly. Advertising men like him. An avowed hedonist, he does not seek pleasure but waits for it to be thrust upon him. There are two questions which he invariably addresses to young girls: the second is "Have you read Proust?" He is called at 7 a.m. but lies in bed regularly until 7:10. He side-steps booksellers' conventions, but frequently breakfasts with Irita Van Doren. In winter he puts on storm windows and heavy drawers. He even wears his crown of thorns with a difference.

He allows his mind to dwell upon neither human injustice nor cruelty to animals. He believes that Casanova and Sir Galahad are brothers under their skin. In the watches of the night he does not weigh the mysteries of existence. He sleeps soundly. Of his greatest gifts he is unconscious. He avoids driving an automobile, joining a club, and buying his own liquor. Decrepit male authors haven't a prayer of lunching with him. He hopes that the good will be rewarded but never plays poker. Waitresses, Kummer, and the poetry of Li T'ai-Po excite him noticeably. He does not believe in free will. He likes hard guys, cuckoo magazines, Hiroshegi, Ernest Hemingway, answering questions, saving space, washing his hands, anything really lyric, wise-cracks and Virginia Woolf.

When he begins to grow old he will do it gracefully. He will just pick up his hat and walk out when the show is over. Still on the upward grade, he has written his own epitaph: "Here Lies One Who Conquered Thought."

DALE WARREN.

* * *

An interesting news item is that W. E. Scull, an 1883 alumnus of Haverford College, has given that college $2000, the income from which is to be used annually for a prize "to that upper-classman who, in the judgment of the faculty, shall have shown the greatest improvement in voice and in the articulation of the English language during his college course."

I can imagine some humors and some difficulties in making the award, but the idea is excellent. I was interested to hear a candidate for the N. Y. *Evening Journal's* Typical American Girl competition speaking on the air a few evenings ago. She always said "Between you and I," which I felt should almost ensure her victory.

* * *

Goodspeed's Book Shop (Boston) issues a charming catalogue of early American Maps. One of the most interesting of those listed is Lewis Evans's map of "Pensilvania, New-Jersey, New-York," published 1749, and autographed by "Mr. B. Franklin." What pleases one most in the small facsimile of the map shown in the catalogue is the romantic phrase written across the whole center of Pennsylvania—THE ENDLESS MOUNTAINS. In a smaller note on the face of the map Evans writes, "no Distance could be taken but by actual Mensuration (the Woods being yet so thick.)"—There is something in that phrase that gives one a bright glimpse back into the eighteenth century—The Endless Mountains.

If I were the Pennsylvania Railroad I'd buy that map from Goodspeed. The price, I observe, is $3,500.

* * *

Even the hardiest editor gets chilblains now and then and has to deny himself the pleasure of printing something that amuses him enormously because it is sure to cause anguish among the sensitive. Grievance was mine when I received from Newell Green of Hartford, Conn., a very charming little burlesque of *Variety's* manner in reporting vaudeville shows. It was called "*Variety* Goes to Church" and purported to be a comment on a Sunday morning service "caught" by a theatre scout. I sent it on to Sime Silverman, the editor of *Variety*, who was much tickled and printed it at once. This is to let Newell Green know that I enjoyed it.

Among other enjoyable oddities not in the rigorous curriculum one finds *The London Aphrodite*, a bi-monthly magazine which (with a wisdom unusual among literary frolickers) announced itself last year as existing for six issues only. It was published "not for profit but merely in a mood of exuberance." The exuberance of young Satanists is much the same everywhere, whether in Greenwich Village or Bloomsbury. The editor of *Aphrodite* draws the veil of the sanctum after the appearance of the first issue:—

> Upon the appearance of *Aphrodite* No. 1, a titled lady canceled her subscription, one reviewer said he had thrown his copy into a garbage tin out of consideration for his waste-paper basket, another dully said he was not amused, another said he could not understand Jack Lindsay's article, the *Nation* said "No artistic value," several women tried with no success to cut Liam O'Flaherty dead; however, several minor reviewers welcomed the rash venture, kind friends did not hesitate to back-slap, and, for instance, Charley Lars sold sixty copies in his sentry-box bookshop in Red Lion Street. Whereupon the Editors and Liam and Charley Lars got drunk in a cellar kept by Louis XVII, other guests being Rhys Davies, who couldn't find the cellar at all; Tommy Earp, who tried to sing "Rule Britannia" at 3 A. M. on a beer barrel (empty), but overbalanced and broke Louis's collarbone; a calm German scholar who had to go early; an Oxford Don who passed out; an ex-member of the I.W.W. with good intentions but a too-small stomach; a bald and cheerful Australian cartoonist; two roaring Irish bhoys covered in tap-room sawdust; two great policemen; and other Bloomsbury intellectuals. At dawn Charley Lars and the Editors took Liam home, where he irrationally began swallowing raw eggs. Then Charley vanished in a mist, and the Editors sat down in the gutter, together with a pint of (salvaged) whisky to reflect upon the Universe.

To these confidences was added "As only six numbers are to be issued, the early submission of manuscripts is supplicated, space being tight." So also the editors, apparently.

I still believe that it is possible, even advisable, for an editor to get well boiled occasionally without informing all the subscribers; a real Nietzchean should be able to take a little drunkenness in his stride. In spite of which the *London Aphrodite* has printed some fine things.

In quite a different realm, but equally enjoyable to my taste, is the genial jargon of the sports writers. To my great pleasure it appears that this year we are to have another Bunion Derby. The sporting scribes are always at their best in dealing with the humors of Mr. C. C. ("Cash and Carry") Pyle, sports promoter and angel of broken arches. More than much of the hokum of literary critics do I enjoy such flashes of style as Mr. Joe Williams in the New York *Telegram*:—

> Gavuzzi is entered again, and it is unlikely he will make the same mistake that forced him from the race last year. He paused to have his flowing whiskers mowed, and so deeply were the hirsute tendrils imbedded in the Gavuzzi pan that the local tonsorial maestro was forced to resort to a mild process of blasting.

* * *

If any member of the congregation should go to Albania this summer I wish he would stop at Scutari and let me know about the beer situation. Although not a random investor, I am greatly tempted by a circular issued by the Albanian National Brewery, Ltd., offered 800,000 shares at 5 shillings each. Everything in this circular appeals to me greatly. The company's bankers are Lloyds Bank Ltd. of 39, Threadneedle Street, London, and I should enjoy the thought of some of my funds circulating in that historic passage. The company has "the sole right to erect a brewery for the brewing of beer in the Kingdom of Albania." The chairman of the directors is the late British Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Albania, which puts the affair on an agreeable social standing.

The Albanians are evidently intelligent and congenial people. "Beer," says the circular, "is preferred by the inhabitants of Albania to any other drink which they can obtain." Until now, however, they have had to buy imported beer, subject to a heavy tax. Even so, at a cost of 7d a pint, they've been drinking 9,146,800 pints per annum. (I wonder what is the population of Albania?) The new company, brewing its beer on the premises, and under government protection, will be able to vend at 5d a pint. "There should be a profit from the internal sales in Albania of Not Less Than £94,520 per annum." In addition to which "the geographical situation of the Brewery will place the company in a most favorable position for meeting the considerable demand for lager beer in Egypt, Greece, Palestine, and the Northern African Coast."

The Brewery is already partly constructed, on a site of 3 acres at Scutari "adjacent to a spring of pure water which is chemically similar to that used in Munich for the manufacture of light and dark lagers." The brewing will begin in August, 1929, and the Manager will be Mr. Tush Kakarriqi, an experienced brewmaster with experience in Munich and Pilsen.

I have rarely heard of an investment that appealed to me more agreeably; and therefore I appeal to any Albanian travelers to stop in at Scutari, have a look at the brewing site, and report to me on the general look of the beer situation in those regions. Dr. Samuel Johnson, you will remember, was a shareholder in a brewery; and to help manufacture and distribute pure mild beer, particularly in the thirsty regions of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land, moves all my best sentiments.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

G. A. Borghese, an eminent Italian man of letters, has just published under the title, "Autunno in Constantinopli" an interesting volume of Turkish impressions.

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The Ant and the Butterfly

IN a class-room, some time ago, I picked up a student's forgotten notebook, and searching (in vain) for the name of the owner, encountered this statement, underlined: "De Froose has overthrown the Darwinian theory." Not having heard of this recurring news very recently, I sought to discover the source of information. The surrounding notes allowed the inference that it derived from a course in English literature. Shortly thereafter, Hugo de Vries was in town and addressed a sizable audience. He began by smiting his broad chest and declaring himself a Darwinian of Darwinians. "First came Darwin," he recounted, "who laid the foundation for us all; then came Weismann, who corrected the evolution theory in some matters of detail; then I came, with certain further modifications, derived from my special studies; and presently will come someone else, to repeat the process. But the theory stands."

Frequently, over a series of years, students have parroted to me the time-worn sentiment that the study of science causes atrophy of the spirit, citing as proof the regret of Darwin that, in his later years, he had lost much of his capacity to appreciate music. When I have sought, again, the source of information, it has always been the *belles-lettres* cathedra. Yet it is easy enough to find scientists with artistic sensibilities: take the case of Weismann, who was a skilled pianist, or that of many another scientist of lesser or greater repute. Consider Da Vinci. As a matter of fact, there was plenty of music at Down, to which Darwin listened with pleasure, for Mrs. Darwin was musically inclined—she was one of the few English girls who, besides studying with Moscheles, had even been under the instruction of Chopin himself. If the depreciator of Darwin's spiritual outfit had taken pains to look the matter up, he would have found in that great soul an unbelievable modesty and humility, as well as a loyalty to truth, by inspection of which anyone may himself attain to truthfulness and also humility. Darwin was wont to regret and to beat his breast over his own deficiencies, often imaginary, where lesser men strut about with no idea of self-criticism, however much chest-swelling and pounding they may do.

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Here are two illustrations of a certain inveterate hostility to science that lurks beneath the formal expressions of mutual admiration which our polished age has decreed to be proper in public. Nor is the hostility all on one side. Many a scientist regards the artist, literary or other, as a trifler, a drone that preens himself on the platform of the hive, an exquisite, a finical, self-conscious poseur. The arrogance of the earlier opponents of science, say at the time when Spencer wrote his "Education," and when college presidents remanded the science professor to some attic or basement, as good enough for him and his foolery, has been considerably reduced; for science, though a newcomer, has, by unparalleled services to mankind, won its place in the sun of popular repute. Arrogance has now, indeed, shifted somewhat over to science, though it has by no means altogether deserted its former quarters. Indeed, it seems to move from one haunt to the other, to and fro, with ease. In each there are tight-lipped high priests and Pharisees who objurgate and anathematize upon the basis of pure revelation.

Intolerance will leave both these lairs when the discordant parties shall have attained enough scope to know that all knowledge and culture is one, and that all forms of wisdom are interdependent and complementary. The Huxley type of scientist and the Goethe type of artist have long known this, and have thought and acted upon it as a principle or axiom; but these types are as yet rare birds that seldom sweep across the intellectual sky.

As most of my space is to be devoted to the need of the literary man for science, I may state the correlative need of the scientist briefly and baldly. It is too true that many a scientist is, culturally speaking, a tyro. He is usually called a "materialist," as if that convenient half-brick must finish him—though it really bounces off without effect, for he is ordinarily nothing of the sort. But he is often a pitiably inarticulate and awkward fellow, with no graces, heavy and plodding in exposition, and self-satisfied to be so. His attempts to liven up his presentations border on the grotestque; he runs to current expressions of the baser sort, such as "by leaps and bounds," and employs them with all the hopeful complacency of a sophomore. This is because he is a narrow specialist, without scope; and his defects are the same as those of the exquisite who mouths a jargon incomprehensible to men and gods—though, since it is uncolloquial and also mysterious, it is more than likely to impress. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

The scientist, in brief, is often lacking in both breadth and scope. A scientist who has them will confess this at once; and one who has them not will serve the world as an example of what is to be expected in event of their absence. I am seeking in no way to defend the provinciality of the scientist; I am merely laying stress, in the present instance, upon that of the *littérateur.*

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We ought to speak out more plainly upon such matters. Under a superficial pose of tolerance, maintained in public, there are, in the intellectual world, certain persisting antagonisms, which need not be. We ignore them or dissimulate them under a guise of suavity. We review each other's books kindly and considerately, and otherwise lay claim to a catholicity of judgment, which is the current mode, calculated to show that our minds are open toward all points of the compass, and vertically as well. These are our company manners. In the privacy of our little circle of like-minded, however, and in the solitude of candor, we pass verdicts far less complacent—even, at times, startlingly bitter and contemptuous, but more honest. In public we say: "A's book (or speech) is a real contribution to the subject; there is much in his views that deserves attentive consideration," and so on. We thus placate A, please his adherents and publishers, file a claim for reciprocal back-scratching, and exhibit withal a noble, liberal, broad benignancy of character and outlook. To the birds of our own roost, or to our students, we may rudely sneer at A. He has pulled another one. How does he get away with it?

What we need to do is to learn to divorce the professional from the personal, reserving all our good nature for the latter, and draining off from the former everything but plain and relentless candor. It is our duty, in this world of error, to detect and show up every mistake we can identify as such. It is a small and vain soul that craves applause and grows faint at criticism.

This is a digression, perhaps, but it is a necessary one. We may now return to the mutual needs of science and *belles lettres* (*or beaux arts*), and especially to the need of the latter for what the former can give them.

Huxley, a scientist of scope, called science trained and organized commonsense. That is as good a definition as could be desired. Is there, then, any relation between esthetic studies and commonsense? As to this, it often looks dubious. Green young things chant phrases to the effect that the rest may reason and welcome—the poet knows. Does he know? What does he know? How does he know? And if he knows, how does the phrase-intoning acolyte, who knows little or nothing, know that he knows?

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How? By inspiration, naturally. But there is some little doubt as to the constant nature of inspiration. Its genuineness seems to depend upon who has it. A certain eminent scientist says that it is largely perspiration, that is to say, work. This looks rather "materialistic"; noses are elevated with a jerk, among certain of the élite of culture, at such a repulsive apothegm. Still, there are others who have, by example if not by precept, come out for the indispensability of sweaty toil. Let the devotees of inspiration and revelation scan Thayer's "Beethoven." Let them compare Browning's "Agamemnon" with the text of Æschylus, and estimate what labor lies behind such accuracy. Let them consider the eminent American artist who entered his studio every morning at the same hour, like a time-clock-punching employee; and who told his pupils first to get up heat by going to work, and then maybe inspiration would come. (Even bees cannot exude wax till they swarm and generate some heat.)

Goethe ranks as a beneficiary of considerable inspiration. Faust is his life philosophy. In that play is introduced the Baccalaureus who bounces up on the springboard of pure inspiration.

> Ich aber frei, wie mir's im Geiste spricht,
> Verfolge froh mein innerliches Licht,
> Und wandle rasch, im eigensten Entzücken,
> Das Helle vor mir, Finsternis im Rücken.

The Baccalaureus knows! Knows what? Hear the reply.

> Original, fahr' hin in deiner Pracht!
> Wie würde dich die Einsicht kränken.

Ah! So it is insight that is lacking here. Well, whence comes insight? From emotion or from knowledge? By inspiration? By dreaming? Or by labor (which is what Baccalaureus has not yet put in), and even by the sweat of the spirit?

This is not in the least to deny or to minimize the efficacy residing in emotion. Human actions are governed by it far more than by intellect or by reason. The course of civilization is, however, the story of the disciplining of emotion by another factor. Emotion and imagination supervene upon honest work in the most fruitful manner. Scientists have recognized that, as witness Tyndall on "The Scientific Use of the Imagination." All that is contended for here is that there must be some soil, even if it is only dirt, for even the loftiest feelings to root in. In short, there must be something to say before you can say something, if your technique in saying is to amount to anything. Even the vaticinations of the oracle cannot preserve respect if they are mere chantings and drummings; they must have substance and subserve expediency in living.

An often quoted remark of Professor Sumner has to do with the assessment of books or, indeed, of any artistic production. One must ask, he used to say, three questions: What is it? How do you know it? *What of it?* The first of these queries tests whether the expositor can tell what he knows; and here, as has been intimated, the scientist often fails because he is inarticulate. In the two others it is that the literary artist is likely to exhibit his besetting weaknesses, in the sense that, to him, expression is often seen as the sole objective. The saying of the thing is all; the thing is a matter of unconcern as respects both its validity and its value. The phrase-maker, yearning, knows. How does he know? What of it?

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It seems at times that we here encounter an antagonism between reason and emotion, or between intrinsic sense and extrinsic artistry. In any case, there are always being fabricated enough tropes and other adornments to set off many times the emerging number of man-size ideas. Some sumptuary law ought to be enacted to meet the case. What happens is that the insignificant, little, tame ideas get all the gew-gaws and the big ones are thrust forth, Ishmael-like, in stark nakedness. Many literary productions, which have little or nothing to say, are a-glitter with baubles and tinsel, and take the eye. To decorate a vacuum may be art for art's sake. Such conscious striving for effect by reliance upon irrelevancies may titillate the languorous soul, but it irritates an energetic worker to view the attendant prancings, and to hear the jigging and the lisping. A person who has acquired some sense of the cost of mental labor is seized by the same rage at such trifling that grips a genuine painter when he views pretentious and showy attempts to dissimulate defective draughtsmanship. No amount of emotional yearning can make up for the absence of something worthwhile to say. You have to work to get that. The scientist toils a long while over refractory facts and finally says a little, very cautiously. He gets ahead, if at all, by successful approximations to the truth. It is no wonder that he becomes impatient of claims to the discovery of eternal truths by butterfly spirits that boast of sailing elegantly, from peak to peak, over the valleys through which he is painfully picking his honest way. Especially when these soaring psyches refer to him as a creeping, crawling, rooting sort of lower organism—a kind of tumble-

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by Albert G. Keller

bug of sordid and dismal ancestry, habits, and disposition, quite bereft of vision, the thrill of awe, the reverence before mystery.

It is assumed by the esthete, especially when he is young, or if he stays juvenile all his life, that science has no part in culture—in fact, is antipathetic to it. If culture means easy allusiveness to often obscure literary figures of the past, together with familiarity with emancipated souls whose recent splash has not yet rippled away, then the scientist has no portion in it. He cannot quote telling phrases, even from Montaigne, in the proper hypnotizing tone. That there is, however, something attractive to the artist in the givings of actual observation and experimentation, occasionally appears. Maeterlinck finds in the life of the hive-bee and of the white ant that which urges him to considerable flights. Kipling has discovered, even in the accursed machinery that emotionalists, social as well as other, bewail, a life of the spirit; and would doubtless concur in the curt description of one of the wailers, given by a noteworthy scientist, as "a whining old grandmother."

* * *

No one in this age who was refused adequate instruction in science in his youth can be a man of rounded culture. Many of us have felt the lack of such cultural elements all our mature lives, and have painfully gathered a mean outfit and striven to attain what is at best a poor outlook, as the years of lessened powers of acquisition have passed. The presence of tags of Greek grammar or of metaphysics in no way compensates for our lopsidedness of development and for the blurs and distortions of our perspective. It is very likely true that our regrets have induced some exaggeration in our estimates of that which we have not; but we know enough, from personal experience, to become intensely irritated at airy ignorance, when it pompously remands science to the category of the banausic.

To bite the hand that feeds you is proverbially ungracious; and nothing can be more grotesque than contempt for science on the part of those who are alive, and are able to print and broadcast their preciosities, not to say their libels, precisely because they are fostered by that which they repudiate. At need, he who revolts at the sordidness of the laboratory rushes madly for the doctor. It would seem that the scientist is regarded by some aspiring souls as a sort of serf or villein, necessary to the scheme of things, it is true, but not to be admitted to association with his betters.

The truth is that science is the supreme instrument of adjustment of human life to human life-conditions, and that life goes on solely by reason of the adequacy of such adaptations. It is inevitable that human beings shall live by it, whatever chatter they may emit about it, while so doing. It is as imbecile to depreciate science as to decry labor or capital.

I am not asserting that science is art, or that reason is emotion; nor yet that emotion and art can be replaced by reason and science. I am protesting against mutual backbiting, with illustrations chiefly from one side. In the ranges of emotion, whether esthetic or religious, science has no right in the sense that it can or should displace what is characteristic of those ranges; it does not belong there any more than a mourners' bench in a laboratory. What should be realized, once and for all, is that science and emotionalism do not mix. Their relation is, as has been said, complementary. A scientist of scope does not seek to proscribe flights into the unreal—he does not want to put "The Tempest" into an *index expurgatorius*, but absorbs its beauties with profit to his mind and soul, and becomes a better scientist for so doing. A poet of scope has no disdain for retorts and test-tubes; if he has worked with them, he is the better poet. The idea that philology is baneful to the vaulting spirit is as absurd as that reading Homer for pleasure in the story or in the rhythm, ignoring the digammas, is ruinous to the philologist. Small souls have bedevilled the whole situation by proclaiming the antithetic nature of true complements, and the sooner their smoke-screen is blown away by a nipping blast of insight, the better for us all.

If befogging preconceptions can be dispelled what can science do for those who are now inclined to draw skirt away from its presence? It can, for one thing, teach such respect for truth as to render obsolete the swift snatch at agreeable hearsay, illustrated at the outset of this article. It can toughen the mental fibre that is relaxed by too much warm moisture. It ought to demonstrate that emotion is valid only when checked and equilibrated by a sense of reality. The plant must foot in some actual soil; *es ist dafür gesorgt dass die Bäume nicht in den Himmel wachsen.* It can teach that there must be something to say that is valid, as relevant to life, and so worth saying—that ornate incantation over the insubstantial is cheap and ephemeral. It can reveal that emotional appreciation is, of itself, and apart from some solid soil to grow up from, very like the seed sown on stony ground. It can create a sense of substance, reality, and relevancy, a basis for self-criticism, and a rounding-out of conceptions in general.

An illustration of what scope can do for the artist is Henry Adams's "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres." The writer, happening upon that work some years ago, read it with increasing astonishment, seeing in it a sort of unique exploit in the correlation of architecture with literature, in a setting of characteristic social conditions. That Adams was a seeker after scope and synthesis, though much handicapped by the sort of education which he describes and deplores, appears from his own account of himself. But, despite wide wastes of ignorance in the outfit of the reader, the "Mont Saint Michel" conveyed an unmistakable impression of the unity of knowledge. That is the sort of enlightening perspective that a man of scope can confer upon his fellows. And that all knowledge and culture is one is the grand, covering truth which, with our petty fence-buildings and straw splittings, we men need to have recurrently enforced upon us. Science and art, supplementing one another, can do that for us, whereas, if they remain in an indefensible antithesis, they afford us no more than partial, one-sided glimpses of life and destiny. Analysis is misleading if not followed closely by synthesis. A pile of cogged wheels, springs, screws, and even jewels is not a watch. You cannot tell time by it until it is assembled.

What science can do for literature, in a more specific way, has been revealed to many of us by personal experience. When studying Homer, as a youth, many things remained a mystery to me. I thrilled at the lift of the verse; though following afar off, I caught a sense of the lofty diction; I had an inkling of the atmosphere of other days and of Eastern lands. I experienced a certain collector's pleasure out of identifying rare forms, peculiar constructions, and the lacunæ left by evaporated digammas. I passed through a kind of scholastic stage. But I lost the whole social setting of the story. I did not see into the causes of things. No one could tell me why Thetis reached for the chin of Zeus, in beseeching him. No one explained that the first book of the Iliad contained the contemporary theory of disease and cure, or that the Assembly enabled one to draw short inferences as to the system of classes and government prevalent at the time. Certain items were presented to me as curiosities, indicative of laughable "superstition," now fortunately dispelled, just as were totem-poles and ancestral tablets to a former generation. The whole tale was a story without a human setting.

Some years later, I read Homer again, having in the meantime made a beginner's acquaintance with certain of the social sciences. It was another and a richer story this time, that had lost nothing whatever of its esthetic charm. It had, indeed, gained in that particular. So did, in their turn, the Edda, the Nibelungenlied, the Bible, the Greek tragedians, Dante, Camoens, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the rest. I had occasion also to teach much Greek and Latin to careless or dull boys, who did not thrill over hexameters, as they monotonously and stumblingly mauled them, nor yet identify lofty diction as such—who saw no sport in spotting second aorists nor could, for their lives, smell out the abandoned lairs where once bedded the lost digamma. But they could be interested in Thetis's grasp at the beard of Zeus, and in why no bacteriologist, but a prophet, was summoned when the plague descended—a visitation so lethal that even dogs and mules were not immune. One of these ne'er-do-weels even advanced, at length, to an absorbed immersion in "The Golden Bough."

Upon reflection, one's memory of his courses in literature recalls much biography—in fact, certain classes seem, in long restrospect, to have been made up almost totally of biographical gossip and rhapsodical adjurations to appreciate this gem and that. Some say that appreciation cannot be taught. I recall here a saying of one genuine literary light of my day who averred that it was useless to try to inculcate that power: for if the student could see for himself, it was an insult to him, and if he could not, it was futile. I should not go so far as that, myself; for this very man could make one see what he would not, of himself, have perceived. It seems to me that appreciation can be imparted, at least to some degree; but not all at once, nor yet by vain saltation or rapt repetition. I would not encourage students to "appreciate" foreign literature till they know the language, for example. The faculty is acquired, also, if at all, by starting with some existing, discovered interest. And, among the common run of youths—who, despite a certain trend of the day toward the selection and coddling of a factitious élite (which might as well be selected on the criterion of comparative stature or complexion), represent the opportunity of the college for service to society—among these, who are the fruit by which we shall later be known of all men, interest is very near to life. They know the human from the superhuman or inhuman, and have an affinity for it. They are not meditators or yearners. They are, in this age, critical of mind, and they gravitate toward the concrete and verifiable. They shy at entering an over-mystic portal, for they seem to see above it: *Lasciat' ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.*

Perhaps the biographical, anecdotal caste of certain literary offerings represents a recognition of this disposition. But, whether that is so or not, the emphasis laid upon the salience of the individual should, in the interest of scientific truth, be shifted. I cannot go into this matter further than to say that such ascription of importance to the individual as lies implicit in the tone of much biography and explicit in such pronouncements as that the history of any country is the biography of its great men, is not supported by candid, unexcited examination of social evolution.

There is no study comprehensive enough to be pursued by itself alone, unless all scope and, indeed, all truth of more than fragmentary nature, are to be renounced. In the search after truth or beauty (we are told that they are one), it is insufferable that efforts should be divided, opposed, and neutralized. The enterprise is arduous enough if every atom of strength and insight could be brought unitedly to bear. Caste-feelings and irrational taboos are wholly out of place in the army that seeks to force the gates of the Unknown. Self-laudation and arrogance toward others ill befit fighters in a hard campaign and perhaps a forlorn hope. There can be no toleration of those who hesitate to soil the fingers in tasks thought to be beneath them. Irreconcilables must have their noses rubbed together, and if they do not then become friendly, they must be drummed out of camp.

It is conceivable that there may be useless units in this army. Any such contention is debatable. In the present instance, I am protesting specifically against an imbecile misconception as to the relations between science and certain of the older cultural "humanities." If "humanities" is conceived as a technical label, science may be set off in another artificial category, for convenience sake. If it implies that certain studies are superior to others—more cultural, higher, more spiritual—the term should be repudiated. There should be no invidious distinctions. All knowledge, like Allah, is one.

Albert G. Keller, the writer of the foregoing article, is Professor of the Science of Society at Yale University, and editor and author of numerous books. Among his published works are "Queries in Ethnography" (Yale University Press), "Societal Evolution" (Macmillan), "Through War to Peace" (Macmillan), "Starting Points in Social Science" (Ginn) books, and, with William Graham Sumner, "Science of Society" (Yale University Press).

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DOCUMENTS POUR SERVIR À L'ÉTUDE DE L'ART ÉGYPTIEN. By JEAN CAPART. Vol. I. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. The Pegasus Press. 1929. $42.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN
Boston Museum of Fine Arts

FOR good reasons the history of Egyptian art has not yet been written. Much of the material from which that history must be derived is dispersed throughout Europe and America in museums and private collections, although naturally by far the greater part of it still remains in Egypt, and many pieces of first importance have been published only inadequately or even not at all. Egyptian art has undoubtedly suffered gravely in general esteem from the ennui induced by the usual monotonous museum display of numberless objects of mediocre and crude quality, in the midst of which the occasional masterpieces, which alone should form the basis of critical appraisal, are buried as effectively as if they had never been exhumed from the Egyptian sands.

The dead hand of the mummy laid its blighting touch on the imagination of early collectors, who prized the bitumened and linen-wrapped carcasses of birds, beasts, reptiles, and human beings, but failed in their eager hunt for curiosities to discriminate between good and bad in the art of a people whose language, traditions, and customs were just beginning to be studied scientifically and which were still often misinterpreted and misunderstood. Save to the eyes of a discerning few, the artistic expression of Egypt seemed alien, barbarous, ponderously dead, and shrouded in that strange quality of mystery invariably attributed to "the East" by modern western minds imperfectly informed. In more recent years, scientific excavation and systematic research have dispelled the meretricious mystery by deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics, by establishing a chronology, and by revealing in outline the record of a remarkably individualized people during the course of four millennia. They have, however, raised fresh problems, both of ethnology and art, for the historian, by accumulating from ancient tombs and town sites a multitude of facts and objects with such rapidity, that the diligent Egyptologist can do little more than keep up to date with the mere record of discoveries, let alone hope to achieve finality of outlook or soundness of conclusions by trying to synthesize the data. As to the practical excavator, even when capable of weighing the artistic merits of his "finds," he is, as a rule, more interested in establishing their sequence in archæological groups than in estimating their relative artistic significance within the body of similar existing material. And his archæological comments, however expert, help as little toward a comprehensive understanding of Egyptian art as does the brief, inaccurate rhapsody of an Elie Faure.

Indeed, the day has not yet come for a definitive account of the development of Egyptian art and for a just estimate not only of its superb achievements as a racial expression in architecture, sculpture, painting, and even in the minor crafts, but also of its place among the greater national arts of the world. No one is more intelligently aware of the prematurity of any attempt at the present time to write that history satisfactorily than the man most exceptionally equipped to do so both by natural gifts and by many years of active experience in this special field. As the title of his work implies, Professor Capart has wisely chosen to show in these first hundred plates by means of admirable, large-scale illustrations, significant examples of Egyptian art hitherto unpublished or inadequately reproduced, which will, when the five large folio volumes planned for the series are complete, comprise a *corpus* of original documents indispensable to the future historian of the subject. The short text accompanying each plate more often presents a problem than its solution, for the author's purpose has been to make the documents themselves as widely and as promptly known as possible in order to stimulate study and facilitate their interpretation. Such scholarly and somewhat unusual generosity of intention disarms criticism of what otherwise might be regarded as an indication of haste in the preparation of the book.

Some of the plates have exceptional value in showing familiar and supposedly well-known examples of portrait sculpture from a point of view which reveals qualities of excellence hitherto visible only to the trained observer fortunate enough to stand in the presence of the original. Others, by reproducing more than one statue or relief depicting the same individual, supply evidence for believing that these are typical rather than literal portraits, while still other plates add to the volume the zest of surprise by calling attention to objects fully requiring serious study which have been "rediscovered" in unexpected places by the author's characteristically keen and indefatigable questing. In its physical make-up the book is a wholly commendable production; the text is set in Poliphilus and Blado types, and the plates are both printed on special Vidalon linen-rag paper with an agreeably stippled surface of warm ivory tone.

Gossip of the Past

AN ELIZABETHAN JOURNAL, Being a Record of Those Things Most Talked *About During the Years 1591-1594.* By G. B. HARRISON. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

THIS is a useful and interesting book. Mr. Harrison has taken extracts from contemporary sources, or has summarized those sources, and by considerable skill in picking his materials has given us a kind of newspaper man's view of four years in late Elizabethan days. His newspaper tells us not only about criminals and executions, about hunted priests and miserable doting witches, about bear baitings and cock fights, but about the plays of the week and the latest tracts and sonnets published. The text makes excellent reading and should give the casual reader a better notion of the real character of the spacious days of great Elizabeth than is to be gained from Strachey's brilliant account of court and times. Sometimes Mr. Harrison misses a chance to bring out all that is interesting in his sources. He tells us the pitiful story of the Witches of Warboys, a father, mother, and daughter, prosecuted at the instance of the powerful Cromwell family on the imaginings of the Cromwell children, but leaves out the most interesting part of the episode. The daughter, Agnes, when she had been condemned, was urged to plead pregnancy to avoid execution, and refused with the words, "It shall never be said that I was both a witch and whore," and went to her death, a village girl out of Huntingdonshire of the same Elizabethan spirit as the Drakes and Raleighs.

⁂ ⁂

Perhaps the character of the book cannot be better shown than by a series of the headings taken rather at random. 6 Jan. (1593) Rumours. Plays of the Week. 8 Jan. The War in France. 12 Jan. Nashe's "Strange Newes." 13 Jan. Plays of the Week. 18 Jan. Rumours. 20 Jan. Plays of the Week. 21 Jan. The Plague again Increases. 27 Jan. Plays of the Week. 18 Jan. Evasion of Service in Privileged Places. Sir Henry Knivett's Submission. Plays and Games Prohibited by Reason of the Plague. 2 Feb. Playing Ceases. 3 Feb. "Greene's *News from Heaven and Hell.*" 7 Feb. Lawlessness of the Scottish Border. 8 Feb. An Invasion Expected. 11 Feb. Contributions Evaded. 12 Feb. Rumours: the Great Carrack. 14 Feb. Insufficient Men Impressed as Soldiers. 18 Feb. Regulations for Butchers during Lent. 19 Feb. Parliament Assembles. 20 Feb. Precautions against Desertion. 21 Feb. The French Ambassadors Allowed Meat. 22 Feb. The Speaker (of the Commons) Presented. 24 Feb. Mr. Wentworth's Petition. 24 Feb. The Speaker Sick. Sir Roger Williams *Counsel.* 25 Feb. *Mr. Wentworth before* the Council. The Earl of Essex Admitted to the Council. Deserters in Gloucestershire. 26 Feb. A Committee of the House Appointed ("about provision of treasure in this present time of danger"). 27 Feb. Unreasonable Demands from Prisoners.

There are excellent notes in the back of the book, for that not inconsiderable body of people who are never happy without authorities. The book is done by one who knows the ritual and routine of scholarship, but who is also aware of what will interest readers and who has no little knack of picking out characteristic aspects of the time. It is a good combination of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Morning Post.* Mr. Harrison would have been well advised to have left the Ph.D. after his name off the title page, if he wished for his book that wide American public which it really deserves. He is an Englishman, and it's greatly to his credit that he has a Ph.D., but in this country he must live it down if he wishes to be read.

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Points of View

Philip Kerr Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I am very glad to accept your suggestion that I should make a brief rejoinder to the comments of Walter Lippmann and Frank Simonds on the articles I wrote recently on "England and America."

There is no fundamental difference between Mr. Lippmann and myself. Mr. Lippmann thinks that I am seeking to impose "a common Anglo-Saxon philosophy of history" as the basis of reconciliation and says that such a philosophy will not be accepted by large groups on either side of the Atlantic or by other nations. The last thing that I would propose, however, is uniformity in culture, or patriotism, or what is called civilization. None the less there are certain truths which are universal in their validity. They do not belong to any nation or race or to any national philosophy. A common acceptance of them is necessary both to progress and to unity. Mathematics obviously belongs to this category. So does the elementary code of personal morality. So, I believe, do the moral ideas labelled as "liberty," "democracy," and "law." Though the exact method of applying these ideas varies in different countries, they are to-day accepted as true in most of the civilized world, though their triumph is delayed in Communist Russia and Fascist Italy, as it was once delayed in the German Kaiserdom and Czarist Russia. The principal evil of the present English-speaking estrangement is that it is giving time and opportunity for "autocracy" once more to establish its command over great sections of mankind—a process, which, if it continues, may make necessary yet another world struggle for freedom and democracy.

Lasting world peace can only be established on the basis of liberty, democracy, and the reign of world law. Attempts to base it on authority and force have often been made and have invariably failed—usually in modern times from the passionate opposition of Great Britain. Hence my thesis that England and the United States, as the communities which have principally caused the spread of liberty and democracy and the reign of law in the world, will be driven by the law of their inner moral being to coöperate with one another and with a great number of other nations, not to impose any national or patriotic concept on the world, but to maintain an international reign of law as the only world order which can ensure lasting peace, liberty and democracy for mankind.

With Mr. Lippmann's analysis of the present state of the naval controversy I am in almost complete agreement. Before the world war Great Britain had what is called "command of the sea." At Washington in 1922 she in principle abandoned command in exchange for "parity." That parity has been made effective by the United States Cruiser Bill of 1929. Nobody, however, in official circles on either side of the Atlantic has yet worked out the consequences on their respective foreign policies of this momentous change in world power: the United States has been thinking how she can use her naval power to vindicate the freedom of the seas (for neutrals): Great Britain has been thinking how she can exercise her old command of the seas without bringing in the United States against her. Mr. Lippmann thinks that both these policies have been invalidated by the airplane and the submarine and the destruction in the late war of the belief that a distinction can nowadays be drawn between contraband and non-contraband or between private and public property at sea. As he puts it: "The British people are hugging an illusion if they think that their navy can protect the maritime highways: the American people are hugging an illusion if they think their navy can protect their maritime highways," because each can keep a navy which can ruin the trade of the other. Mr. Lippmann, therefore, thinks that the first step towards a solution of the Anglo-American difficulty is for the two Governments to agree that their present fleets shall be taken as substantial "parity" and drop competition. I agree.

But I am sure that it will not be possible to stop there. I am equally sure that it will not be possible to solve the problem by trying to draw up a new definition of neutral and belligerent rights at sea as Senator Borah has suggested. The experience of 1914-1918, the existence of the Covenant of the League of Nations, no less than the world wide ratification of the Kellogg Pact, will drive both sides forward remorselessly to realize that if their navies are no longer adequate for the defence of their trade at sea either when they are neutrals or belligerents, their only security will be in using them as the police force behind a world system governed by law and not war.

World peace, now the supreme interest of both nations, will not come from the renunciation of war only, or even the creation of pacific modes of settlement. It will also require the democratization of international relations and the vigorous use of economic, financial, and naval power to prevent or stop successful resort to war. People are just beginning to recognize that it is preposterous that the great nations should continue to acquiesce in an international system whereby international questions are settled by nations trying to kill one another. For that is what modern war means. Now that economic organization has made it possible to throw the whole resources of a nation into the fray within a few days, and that physical science has provided the airplane and poison gas, the next international duel if it comes, will take the form of a direct attack on the civilian centres of political and industrial power and not on armies in the field. The only way in which nations can to-day obtain peace for themselves or security for their trade and prosperity is by combining to prohibit and prevent the use of violence in the international sphere as they already universally do in the national. The ultimate police power behind the reign of world law will be sea power, because it is mainly bloodless in its operation, while it is world wide in its effects. That power is now, in the main, shared between the United States and Great Britain. When they both come to see that the real use they must make of this power is to prevent or stop hostilities, so that reason and justice and third parties may have a chance, not only will their estrangement cease, but part of the necessary foundations for world peace will have been laid.

When I come to Mr. Simonds I find a fundamental disagreement. Mr. Simonds sees the world not as a theatre in which humanity is gradually progressing towards liberty, democracy, and law, but as the scene of an endless struggle for survival and power among a number of self-centred national states. He sees clearly that the centre of potential world "might" has passed from London to Washington, and concludes that the only solution is either a war for supremacy between the British Empire and the United States, or that Great Britain should peacefully hand the trident to American hands.

Mr. Simonds is a nationalist, not a moralist. He is, I think, by far the best interpreter of Europe to America who is writing today. But, despite his brilliance, I have never thought him a good interpreter either of Britain or the United States, precisely because he gives no place to the moral factors which I believe to have governed both British and American policy at every crisis of their respective national histories.

Let me bring what I mean to a practical point. Mr. Simonds says: "Whereas we lacked the ships in 1914 and 1812 to enforce neutrality and thus became in the first days of the world war an ally of the Allies," the United States is now building a navy in order that it may be able to "wage neutrality" effectively whenever it wants to do so. I do not believe that the failure of the United States to "wage neutrality" effectively in 1914-16 was due to any lack of force. The United States had ample power to paralyze the British blockade in 1914, seeing that Britain's whole strength was absorbed in dealing with Germany, if she had chosen to insist on trading freely with both belligerents. She did not so insist, not because of weakness, but because of the invasion of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania. Like most people in Great Britain, I am not in the least concerned with the size of the United States fleet, provided there is no foolish competition in naval building. Why? Because I believe that in future as in the past, the decisive question will be the merits of the case. If Great Britain is fighting for liberty, democracy, or world law, the United States, whatever its power, will find itself unable to "wage neutrality." If Great Britain is in the wrong, the United States will stop the war, and *vice versa*.

I hope that in future Great Britain will stand loyally for her obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, and will use her power, naval and otherwise, quite fearlessly as the police force behind the prevention of war and the pacific settlement of international disputes. If so, she will not lose that position of political influence in the world which she has held since the Spanish Armada in 1588, and,

(*Continued on page 862*)

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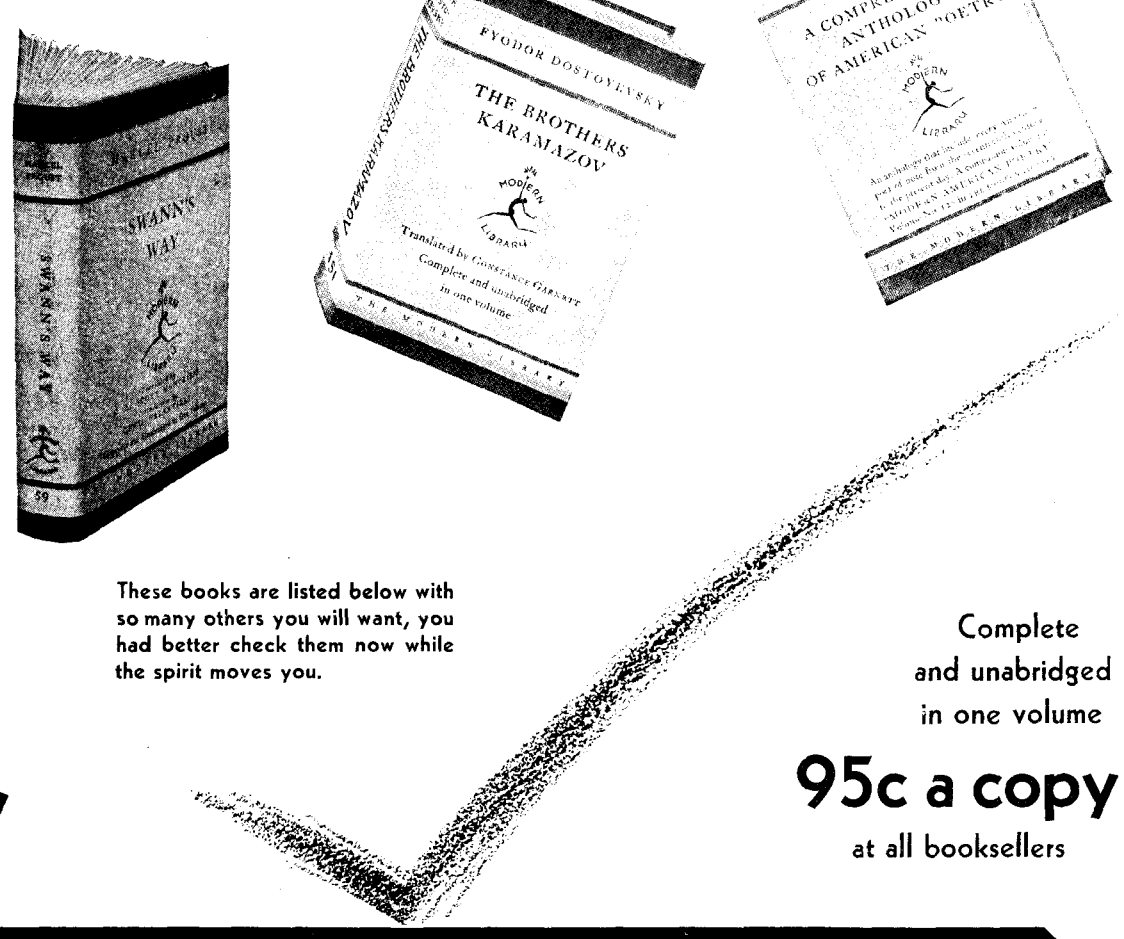

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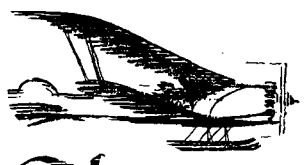

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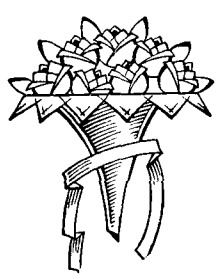

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Foreign Literature

German Ideals

WELTBÜRGERTUM IN DER DEUTSCHEN LITERATUR VON HERDER BIS NIETZSCHE. Von KUNO FRANCKE. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1928.

Reviewed by JAMES TAFT HATFIELD

PROFESSOR FRANCKE, the honored dean of German literary studies in America, adds this newest volume, "World-Citizenship in German Literature from Herder to Nietzsche," to his notable series, "The Cultural Values of German Literature in Their Historical Development." Of moderate length, the book shows not only a mastery of fundamental sources, but an intimate acquaintance with the large body of special literature which has appeared since the World War.

The ideal of universal "humanity," hailed by a small group of isolated German scholars in the seventeenth century as a sort of escape from the wretched social and political conditions of the times, which, later, found its first vigorous herald in Klopstock, and eloquent advocates in Wieland and Lessing, furnishes the spiritual background for the great outflowering of German literature at the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The writers of the classical period were forced, for the time, to renounce any political leadership for the German nation, but they showed no traces of indolent resignation: they had a glowing faith in a transcendent future civilization, toward which Germany should contribute its full share. Herder's whole life-work was an enthusiastic pæan in praise of the ideal of Humanity. Kant, a severe logician, had little in common with Herder's visions, but he looked forward to the time when "mankind should break away from the lawless conditions of savagery, and enter into a League of Nations."

Modern Germany has often blamed Goethe for lacking the will-to-power.

> How could I have written Hymns of Hate (he said) when I had no hatred? And, between good friends, I did not hate the French, although I thanked Almighty God when we were quit of them. How could I, who considered only two things of importance, culture and barbarism, hate a nation which belongs to the most highly cultured on earth, to which I owed so large a part of my own training? National hatreds are a curious thing: you will always find them strongest and fiercest in the very lowest stages of culture.

Schiller, Jean Paul, Hölderlin, and Novalis preached the same gospel—each in his own tongue. The years from the battle of Jena to the Congress of Vienna show a period of turning away from the higher flight of cosmopolitan ideals to the glorification of specifically German traits, achievements, and tasks. But even in this time of struggle for national existence, the German spirit was in no wise disloyal to world-citizenship—as is witnessed by Fichte, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and Schleiermacher.

In the following era of reaction, it is characteristic that the strongest lyric expression of the sentiment for political freedom was evoked by a non-German event, the uprising of the Greeks against Turkish tyranny. Grillparzer considered the loud boasting about German ways and German achievements, which often accompanied Romanticism, nothing short of a symptom of a decline in spiritual life: "Our newest development goes: from cultured humanity—through nationality—to bestiality." Hegel, in his "Philosophy of History," the young German Liberals, Platen, Anastasius Grün, and notably Heine, were advocates of unity in the cultural aims of all European peoples.

With the collapse of the movement of 1848 began a period in which the lofty union of cosmopolitan and patriotic ideals yielded to an expansion of national feeling directed toward an immediate, limited object. In Bismarck's letters, speeches, and writings one looks in vain for a single expression of that sense of an idealistic world which is found in the classical poets and thinkers. No one can ignore the grandeur of this powerful, towering personality—but all his achievements cannot blind us to the fact that his spirit robbed German life of its finest flowering, its fairest fruit: free, humane culture. In matters of internal policy, Bismarck altogether lacked the ability to recognize in his opponents any honorable attempt to serve the commonwealth. In dealing with them, he used the politics of hatred—he sought to discredit such leaders as Windhorst, Bebel, Virchow, and Mommsen by openly expressed contempt of their motives. On principle, he refused to allow free access to the shaping of public affairs on the part of many varied representatives of personality and constructive ability whose names are the pride of German culture. It is the tragic limitation of Bismarck's greatness, that he so utterly despised purely spiritual values—for him the only question was to make monarchy secure; the idea of the German nation as a living participant in the progress of humanity, as the guardian of what is most beautiful and noble in the soul—this conception is painfully wanting in all his utterances. A few valiant spirits, Lassalle, Raabe, Vischer, Gottfried Keller, kept the cosmopolitan ideal alive. Spielhagen considered the contempt for independent personalities under Bismarck's system, the boundless worship of success, the blind trust in the piling up of instruments of force—as a fatal prostitution of internal politics.

None of these men, however, was so glowing a prophet of internationalism as Friedrich Nietzsche. He epitomizes the whole cosmopolitan movement: his whole life expressed a great hope for a regenerated world. Limited nationality appeared to him ridiculous, barbaric, hateful. The new world which he prophesied was the totality of all hoping, striving, Faust-like men of Europe. World-citizenship has attained no more significant expression than in the Super-Humanity of Nietzsche, which leaves behind it all national limitations, and rises to heights hitherto unattained.

Professor Francke's book closes with an extract from Hauptmann's recent tribute to Dehmel:

> We were not among those who with shrill shouts of triumph challenged the envy of the gods. Feeling in all our pulses the stir of national achievement, we none the less turned ourselves to humanity as a whole, where national oppositions disappear, and have always disappeared. . . . Mother Germany is no longer radiant, and crowned with laurels. She is deeply shrouded in a veil of mourning. . . . Some day she shall again wear the crown. But never again shall we hear those shrill fanfaronades with which we once challenged the envy of the gods.

Foreign Notes

A MONUMENTAL undertaking got under way in Italy last month with the publication of the first volume of the "Encyclopedia Italiana." The work is to comprise thirty-six volumes, is to contain some 80,000 illustrations, and is to be completed in 1937. Nothing of the same standard has ever appeared in Italy, and it is also claimed that it is the cheapest book ever offered to the Italian public. To subscribers each volume costs 190 lire, or if bought separately, 250 lire. The first presentation copies have been given to the Pope, the King, and the Duce.

The offices of the Encyclopedia are in the fine Renaissance palace of the Mattei family, which was bought for the purpose and furnished in accordance with the style of the period. There is a consultative committee of experts who come to the meetings from every part of Italy, and some 2,000 collaborators, among them only about 100 foreigners, who work under the general direction of Senator Gentile. The Encyclopedia is only part of what the "Instituto Giovanni Treccani" intends to accomplish—a "Biographical Dictionary of Italians" and many monographs on scientific and historical subjects are among the works to be published once the 25,000 copies of the first edition of the Encyclopedia are issued. The latter work has been rendered possible through the generosity of Senator Treccani who first came before the public as the man who saved for Italy the Este Bible, which had been illuminated by fifteenth-century artists for Borsa d'Este. It had been taken from the Court of Modena by the Hapsburgs, and, after the European war, put up for sale in Paris. Senator Gentile heard of the sale while he was Minister of Education in 1924, and brought it to Treccani's attention.

Philip Kerr Replies

(*Continued from page* 860)

so I think, she will never come into open naval collision with the United States. I may be wrong in this expectation and Mr. Simonds may be right. If I am right, and if the United States also assumes some responsibility for making the Kellogg Pact effective, we are rapidly approaching the millenium when law and liberty and democracy will replace war and force as the controlling influence in world affairs. If Mr. Simonds is right, and national egotism prevails, we are moving back to the dusk when the gods of violence, tyranny, and destruction will recover their anarchic and barbarous sway over a benighted and tortured mankind.

PHILIP KERR.

London, Eng.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS AND STUDIES. By Members of the ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Vol. 14. Collected by H. W. GARROD. Oxford University Press. 1929. $2.50.

The Essays and Studies Series are largely in the field of English philology, and somewhat academic in the sense that their value is more in the way of specialized information than constructive criticism. This volume has more than most of the others the touch of the thesis. Mr. D. H. Smith's "Johnson's 'Irene'" is a good example and good of its kind. About all the information extant concerning the play is collected and put in reasonably good shape. There is interest in knowing that there were three preceding plays on the subject, though Johnson seems not to have known them, but to have taken the story direct from Knowles's "Historie of the Turkes." Ancient Pistol's "Have we not Hiren here?" is presumably from George Peele's lost play. The line seems to have become a popular cliché, probably because of Pistol. It is of interest to find that Johnson came eventually to see what was the trouble with "Irene." "Tediousness is the most fatal of all faults," he wrote in his "Life of Pryor," "and that which an author is least able to discover." In "declamation roared while passion slept," of his Drury Lane Prologue, he probably had "Irene" specifically in mind, as well as generally the tragedies of the period. The "Essays and Studies" are well worth any scholar's or critic's adding to his library. They are not often very brilliant, and this volume is perhaps rather below the average, but there is always something of interest, and as a selected body of scholarship they are fairly impressive.

CONTEMPORARY MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Edited by *William Rose* and *J. Isaacs*. Dial. $4.

FOR LANCELOT ANDREWS. By *T. S. Eliot*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

DÆDALUS AND THESPIS. By *Walter Miller*. Macmillan. $6.50.

Biography

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. By *John T. Morse, Jr.* Houghton Mifflin. $8.50.

THE LIFE OF ALCIBIADES. By *E. F. Benson*. Appleton.

THREE PERSONS. By *Sir Andrew Macphail*. Carrier.

Education

AM I GETTING AN EDUCATION? Edited by *Sherwood Eddy*. Doubleday, Doran. $1 net.

Fiction

THE PROMISED LAND. A Story of David in Israel. By GILBERT PARKER. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

Gilbert Parker here expands the Old Testament story of Saul, David, and Solomon—of the Israelites and the Philistines—of murder, violence, hate, and misery. The expansion of the well-known events does not make for their distortion; indeed, the average reader will not notice any major departures from the Biblical account of these unhappy kings of Israel.

It is a pity that no effort was made to make the novel gracious, persuasive, or even readable. Sir Gilbert, we know, can write respectable fiction, but no one could deduce his ability from a reading of "The Promised Land." Seldom have we struggled through a rougher, clumsier, more unrewarding novel.

WINGS OF HEALING. By HELEN R. MARTIN. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

Mrs. Martin writes "story-book" novels with considerable dexterity. Few of her people are human; the plot is essentially unconvincing. And yet if we have nothing better to do, we can read "Wings of Healing" with but little discomfort. We slide easily through the narrative, content to accept rather than question. Looked at in the cool light of recollection, the vindictive doctor and his eternally suffering and eternally forgiving wife are incredible. But in being incredible they are merely exercising a cherished prerogative of "story-book" characters.

THIS MAN'S WORLD. By IRVIN S. COBB. Cosmopolitan. 1929. $2.

Of the thirteen short stories in this volume, one is excellent, four others are passable, and the remainder are best forgotten. In this last group we must put the title story; it suffers from a mechanical plot and an intrusive thesis. Indeed, Mr. Cobb at his worst is always mechanical and preachy. The story in which he excels himself is "The Wooden Decoy," a stirringly realistic narrative of New York police methods a generation ago. Here the material was evidently Cobb-proof. But the volume as a whole hardly justifies Mr. Cobb's reputation as capable journalist-humorist for the literary middle-classes.

THE MEDIOCRAT. By NALBRO BARTBONE OLIVER. Macmillan. 1928. $2.50.

Here is a good illustration of just how far a pleasing personality, wide experience, and sincerity of purpose, without literary skill, can carry a novelist. The story begins well, and for the whole of Part I, "Victim," it runs on in an interesting, if somewhat amateurish manner; in Part II, "Vision," it collapses; and throughout Part III, "Victor," it drags itself along in a moribund condition. Its author, an erstwhile Episcopal clergyman recently restored to orders, who has attained a considerable reputation as a psychoanalyst and criminologist, has here tried to present, through the medium of fiction, the thesis that a physician and a clergyman, working together, can handle psychasthenic patients more successfully than either alone.

A less congenial theme for a novel could hardly be found; yet, at the outset, the physician, who tells the story, in a leisurely, reminiscent style, does succeed in piquing one's curiosity as to the character of his hero, the unfrocked priest, Michael Mann. This individual, for some crime or alleged crime—one never learns which—has been sent to prison. The story of his hardships there is related by Mr. Oliver with the convincing touch of one who knows intimately the field of which he treats. Eventually Mann is pardoned through revealing to the authorities a plot, discovered by him, for the escape of one of his fellow-prisoners. Constant longing for his lost clerical position renders him psychasthenic, and he falls into the doctor's hands as a patient. Here begins their collaboration, and here begins the collapse of the story. Michael Mann, interesting as a psychological study, becomes henceforth a mere stalking-horse for Mr. Oliver's theories.

The rest of the book is simply a record of the more or less commonplace cases which the collaborating physician and clergyman are supposed to cure. They persuade a woman seeking an abortion to forego her fell design, they reform a number of despairing crooks, and are well started on their task of the physical and moral renovation of society when Mann unfortunately dies, and the physician, who seems to have no ideas of his own, virtually abandons the undertaking. As a story, the book is, long before its conclusion, undeniably dull; its medico-clerical thesis is unconvincing; the one thing of value that the reader carries away—and it is a thing of considerable value—is an acquaintance with the author's generous and idealistic spirit.

THE WHITE GIRL. By VERA CASPARY. Sears. 1929. $2.

This is the second novel from the typewriter of the editor of *Gotham Life*, though it is the first to be published; her first is to be published later in the Spring.

It is the story of Solaria Cox, a girl with negro blood and a white skin, to all appearances a white girl. Not particularly intelligent, but good-looking and attractive, she resents her negro blood as one would a deformity, and dislikes the colored race which she considers shiftless and deserving of its lot.

Solaria is first seen in Chicago where, as a colored girl, she is working in the stockroom of a wholesale dressmaking establishment and living with her colored parents.

(*Continued on page 866*)

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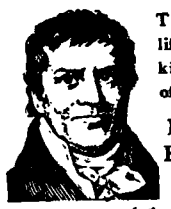

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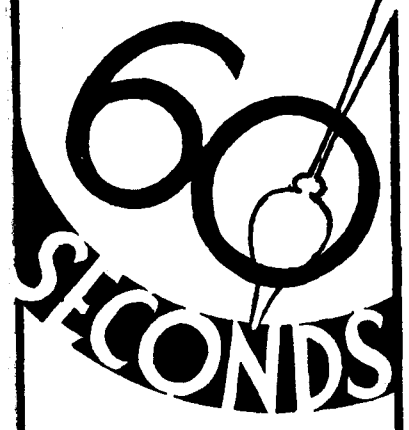

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Pinafores and Pantalettes

By WILBUR MACEY STONE

THE pinafore is long outmoded, and even its successor, the homely but protective apron, is somewhat of a curiosity and an anacronism in the twentieth century. Also, while the little girls of these times go about nearly naked from hip to ankle, and those of larger growth are isolated from the cold world by the sheerest chiffon only, in the days of George the Fourth and Victoria the nether limbs of young "females" were not only protected against the elements, but were screened from the gaze of the vulgar. Not only were stout stockings worn, but buttoned to the hidden panties were pantalettes which swathed the tender calf to the ankle bone. These most modest appendages, I regret to record, were often elaborately trimmed, edged with lace and other allure for masculine eyes.

Similarly, in the reading matter supplied to these prim, pantaletted, picturesque persons, there was a definite show of modesty and maidenly reticence. This all tended definitely to prudishness, degenerating sometimes into hypocrisy.

The common people of England, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, were well supplied with ephemeral reading matter from the always busy presses of James Catnach in Seven Dials and by such rivals as Evans in Long Lane and Pitts in Great St. Andrew Street. Catnach was the yellow journalist of his day, and no event of horror or wonder was neglected by him. Almost before the body of a murdered man was cold, Catnach's hawkers were on the street with lurid accounts of the tragedy. Between sensational events, Catnach busied himself with toy books for children, fortune tellers, and even such instructive penny books as "A Visit to the Zoological Gardens."

His successor and former workman, Fortey, carried on the tradition and issued literally tons of penny books. Many of these were illustrated and even hand-colored, but under Fortey's management the hand-colored picture book reached its lowest ebb of crudity and daubiness.

John Harris, while proud to print upon his title pages the fact that he was successor to Newbery, failed to carry on the Newbery tradition of attractiveness in format and binding which gave such wide popularity to Newbery's charming little books. Harris was manager for Elizabeth Newbery, widow of Francis, nephew of the original John Newbery, and at her death succeeded to the business. He was a prolific publisher, but his books are undistinguished in appearance and mostly of larger size than the little volumes so dear to the children of an earlier generation.

We are, however, indebted to Harris for a series of four highly popular books, the first of which he issued in January, 1807. The title, "The Butterfly's Ball," was alluring, and the copper plate illustrations paved the way to an immediate success. This book was followed promptly by "The Peacock at Home," also a "best seller." Within twelve months, 40,000 copies of these two books were sold. The next year "The Elephant's Ball" and "The Lion's Masquerade" appeared and continued the success of the earlier titles. In 1883, Griffith and Farran, who subscribed themselves as Successors to Newbery and Harris, reissued this set of four books with an interesting description of their origin and success.

A publishing house contemporary with, and a rival of, Harris was that of Darton & Harvey. I have one book of theirs as early as 1798 and others as late as 1834. A descendant of the head of the house, F. J. Harvey Darton, carries on the traditions of his ancestors by publishing juveniles in London at this time.

But enough of statistics and genealogy. The books themselves are more interesting. Both Harris and Darton issued books on the Kings of England. These, while doubtless purchased by thoughtful parents for the instruction of their children, have a definite appeal to the childish mind, as at least the one by Harris is in rhyme and is illustrated with excellent hand-colored engravings of the various monarchs. The copy before me is dated 1824, is in two thin volumes in stiff paper covers, and was once owned by Robert Homidge Buckland. Not only have his soiled fingers left their records, but under each portrait he has inscribed in pencil his estimate of the character of the King or Queen portrayed.

The old booksellers were very shrewd in their titles, for instance, "Cobwebs to Catch Flies," or "Dialogues in Short Sentences Adapted to Children," and, "Limed Twigs to Catch Young Birds." This last is by the Taylor sisters, widely known to fame.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor was the pastor of a small congregation in Ongar, England. Being possessed of a "chargeable" family, he supplemented his small income by writing books, many of them books of travel for children. His chief claim to fame,

Illustration from "One Thousand Quaint Cuts."

however, rests upon the fact that he was the father of Jane and Ann, who, with their friend Adelaide O'Keefe, gave to the world in 1803 "Original Poems for Infant Minds" in two volumes. Jane was twenty and Ann was nineteen. This work of theirs attained instant popularity and was reprinted many times both here and in England. "My Father" and "My Mother" were titles of two of the poems which were many times separately printed with attractive pictures. Many of the poems were highly admonitory. Titles such as "Meddlesome Mattie," "Careless Matilda," "Greedy Richard," and "Dirty Jack" show the character of the verses. In 1882, "Little Ann and Other Poems" was issued with colored illustrations by Kate Greenaway. The Taylor sisters followed up their first success with "Hymns for Infant Minds" and other volumes which ran into many editions.

During the first decade of the last century, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the wife of that always impecunious philosopher, William Godwin, opened a little publishing house and bookshop at 41 Skinner Street to boost the family finances. From thence were issued the now famous Charles and Mary Lamb juveniles, such as "Poetry for Children," "Mrs. Leicester's School," "The Adventures of Ulysses," "The King and Queen of Hearts," and others. First editions of these books are now cheap at thrice their weight in gold. But soon after the opening of this century, several of the Lamb juveniles were reprinted in facsimile, so even the impecunious lover of children's books may know how these much-prized items looked.

The recent hue and cry of certain pedagogical psychologists against the supposed pernicious influence of the old nursery tales seems very modern, but a handful of books which belonged to little Anna Maria Foley more than one hundred years ago and which recently fell into my willing hands, indicate that censors are of ancient lineage. These books were in beautiful condition in their bright flowery and gilt covers, but Ann's mother had been through the volumes, not only with pen and ink, to obliterate offensive words, but with scissors for the removal of many complete leaves. In some cases a leaf has been cut out from its legitimate location and pasted down over some objectionable portion elsewhere. This meticulous miscreant has had a full share of my reverse blessings! In "The Ladder of Learning or Select Fables," the exclamation, Bless me, has been inked out in several places. Heaven defend us, as cried by a frog in one fable, has been deleted and, Oh, substituted. Mighty clever has been replaced by very clever; in, Such a scurvy trick, the word scurvy has been crossed out. A cat is addressed as Poor Soul, but mamma has substituted thing for soul, doubtless on the

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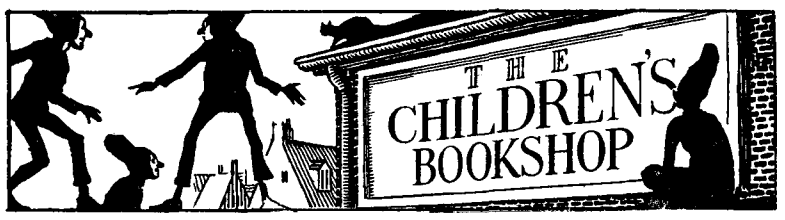

theory that a cat has no soul. Poor little Anna Maria! You were much put upon, but when you grew up and learned the ways of the world, I hope you had your fling!

To the reader of old juveniles, the town of Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross, has a location on the map of fairyland only. But Banbury is also on the map of England, and I have a correspondent who dates his letters from that old town. He well remembers J. G. Rusher as a dignified old man in knee breeches and swallow-tail coat. Rusher lived to be over ninety years old, but in his early days he carried on the nursery tradition in Banbury by the publication in 1820 and later of a vast quantity of delightful little penny books for children, which were distributed broadcast over the country. These little books were not over four inches tall, were well illustrated, and included, in condensed form, such old favorites as Dame Trot, Jack and Jill, Mother Hubbard, Whittington, and a host of others. I am the happy possessor of a set of a dozen of these little books, with the cuts beautifully hand-colored.

In 1894 and 1895 Dent & Company in London paid a pleasing tribute to Rusher and Banbury by the reissue of a number of the old nursery tales and rhymes under the general title of The Banbury Cross Series. These books were delightfully illustrated by the prominent artists of the day, such as Anning Bell, Granville Fell, and Charles Robinson.

Our very modern mechanical books, such as the Hole Book and others, with movable features are but revivals of similar ones of a century ago. In 1810, S. and J. Fuller, at The Temple of Fancy and Juvenile Museum, in London, produced a series of highly attractive story books in rhyme, each accompanied by a set of colored cut-out pictures illustrating the adventures of the little hero or heroine. Also, and here was the attractive feature, all of the figures in the pictures were headless, but a movable head was supplied which could be inserted in place in each picture in rotation as the story was read. The cut-out pictures were loosely laid into the book, so that a child could handle them like paper dolls. Of course, all this "looseness" contributed to the early loss of figures and heads, and very few perfect copies of these old books have survived. "Phoebe, the Cottage Maid," "The History of Little Henry," "Cinderella and Ellen, or the Naughty Girl Reclaimed," are some of the titles. These books were advertised as Illustrated with Figures that Dress and Undress.

This character of toy book was further developed and elaborated by Dean & Son about 1840. The Dean books were much larger than those by Fuller and comprised such popular stories as "Mother Hubbard" and "The Old Woman and Her Silver Sixpence." In the pictures in these books the heads and limbs of the characters were pivoted and by an ingenious arrangement of stiff paper strips on the back of the leaf, could be made to move in very lifelike manner. These animated pictures were, of course, very frail, and I have spent many a busy hour repairing the wreckage of such books.

A revival of interest in toy theatres has been promoted in the present generation by the display, in a number of bookshops, of old examples of miniature stages adapted for the presentation of juvenile plays, with cardboard scenery and characters. For the past thirty years substantially all the toy theatre sheets to be had in this country have been of German origin, but the best known purveyor to the cult in England was M. Skelt, who from Swan Street, Minores, in London, early in the last century, catered to the romantic aspirations of the children of his day with books of plays and plain or colored sheets of scenery and actors. Skelt has been immortalized in Stevenson's essay, "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored," in "Memories and Portraits." While Skelt is a name to conjure with, he was not the pioneer in his line. About 1808, West in Wych Street and Hodgson in Newgate Street, issued many toy plays with such alluring titles as "Black Beard," "The Magic Flute," "Ferdinand of Spain and Philip Quarl." In the eighteen 'twenties "The Battle of Waterloo" was a favorite piece for presentation.

Stevenson as a child possessed a rich store of these romantic sheets, bought, one set at a time, with diligently saved pence. He chose the Penny Plain, not primarily because he could thereby have twice as many, but for the later joy of coloring them. The very name of Skelt was big with romance for him. He coined the term Skeltery to define the stagy and piratic in life and letters. He said: "Indeed, out of this cut-and-dry, dull, swaggering, obtrusive, and infantile art, I seem to have learned the very spirit of my life's enjoyment and acquired a gallery of scenes and character with which, in the silent theatre of the brain, I might enact all novels and romances." Chesterton, in his recent brilliant volume on Stevenson, cites Skelt as a predominant influence on Stevenson's art and entitles his second chapter, "In the Country of Skelt." The successor of Skelt was Reddington, and after him came Pollock. The Pollock shop in Hoxton Street, London, sur-

Illustration from "Old Fashioned Children's Books."

vived until recent times, finally perishing with the death of Pollock at a ripe old age.

But we have been sadly neglecting American juveniles. The founders of the present firm of William Wood & Company, publishers of medical books in New York, specialized in children's books more than one hundred years ago. They issued both school and story books in large numbers. John and Sidney Babcock must not be passed without a few words. John was the father, who at the beginning of the nineteenth century was a printer in New Haven, Conn. He issued many books for children which bore the imprint of Sidney's Press in honor of his young son. Later, Sidney succeeded to the business, which he continued until about 1850. The Babcock books were particularly attractive for their small size, many being only three and a half inches high and of sixteen pages each, with bright colored covers and, of course, with many cuts.

The lively records of the doings of those model children, Rollo and Lucy, formed the chief mental pabulum for American children from 1838 to 1878. Jacob Abbott, a prolific and popular writer for children, was the father of Rollo and Lucy, who, with the attendant Jonas, sported through twenty-eight volumes, to the delight and instruction of two decades of children. These books were each illustrated with a few full-page wood cuts of good character, but in some cases cuts were repeated in the same volume, which was a bit unkind. Jacob Abbott wrote his earlier juveniles for his young son, who grew up to become the Rev. Lyman Abbott, well-known as a preacher and editor. Later, the Dottie Dimple and Prudy books by Sophia May had a wide vogue among growing girls just after the Civil War. These books were illustrated by Thomas Nast, who later became famous as a political cartoonist.

Samuel Goodrich, under the pen name of Peter Parley, in the 'thirties and 'forties of the nineteenth century, flooded this country and England with a series of more than a hundred books of instruction and amusement for children. Among them was a two-volume work of Universal History, which had the distinction of Nathaniel Hawthorne as author.

This brings us to the books on which the middle-aged folks of to-day were brought up and to the birth of modern illustrating. I am sure I need but to mention the names of Greenaway, Crane, and Caldecott in England, and Pyle, Jessie Wilcox Smith, and Anna and Ethel Betts in this country, to enable all to visualize the host of beautiful books with which these talented people gave happiness to young and old.

Personally, I am too old-fashioned in my play books to have caught up with the activities of this century. Of modern authors of children's books, I am lamentably ignorant, and, in any case, this is a story of children's old books. Vale!

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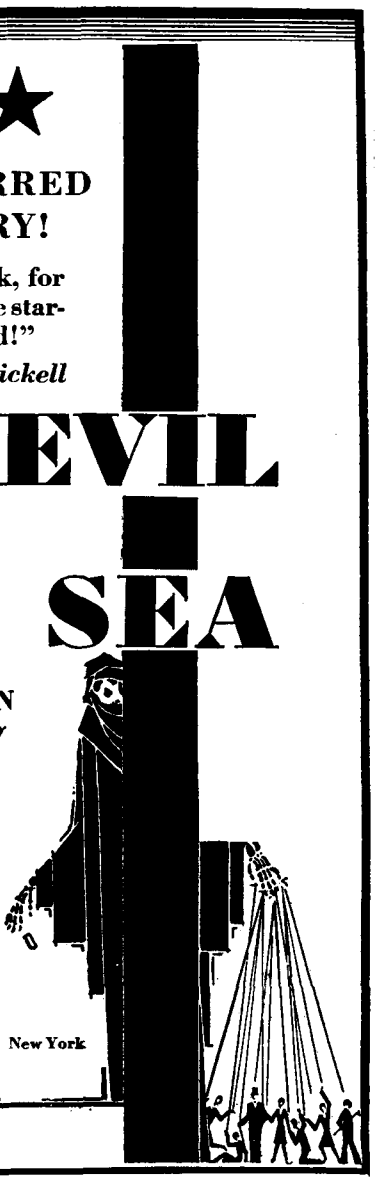

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 863)

On her father's death she comes to New York where she passes as white (as some twenty thousand colored people are said to be doing now). Eventually she moves into an apartment with two other girls, both white, and outwardly her life becomes that of the ordinary good-looking working girl. But always in the back of her mind there is an acute fear that her deception will be found out. And on three occasions it is—the last time with tragic results.

PLUM BUN. By JESSIE REDMON FAUSET. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

This book is described by its author as a novel without a moral. Very well: she knows. But it is the story of a near-white colored girl who decides to "pass." She deserts her brown sister, comes to New York, acquires a wealthy white lover, establishes impermanent, if cordial, relations with groups of people who, beyond being white, are rather hard to place, and is presently abandoned. Lonely, she finds that through her pose she has nearly lost her sister and the man she really cares for, who conveniently turns out to be colored, too. She admits her color, returns to her own people, and everybody is happy—her white friends love her still, and honesty is again proved the best policy.

What with the twisting, decidedly miraculous course of the plot, the sentimentality, weak dialogue, a rather bromidic style, and one distressing misquotation of Mr. Browning, *you pretty well lose sight of the one* strong point of the book, aside from the interest inherent in the problem itself. This is the comparison of the white and negro races, which Miss Fauset accomplishes deftly and with examples, and from which you do get a sense of the warmer vitality and the growing purposefulness of the negro race today.

STEPPING HIGH. By GENE MARKEY. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

This tale resembles a good musical comedy. *It is not overburdened with plot—it* is the story of a vaudeville dancing team whose unexpected success goes to the head of the girl. Socially ambitious, she undertakes all manner of affectations. The one thorn in her flesh is her incurably vulgar and utterly delightful husband, who, quite unbeknownst to himself or his wife, is the genuinely well-liked one of the pair. However, she gets a good scare, and comes back to earth, her husband, and the vaudeville stage. There are the stock comedy characters—the English butler who gets very drunk on the night of the most important dinner party, the bluff, amusing English lady of title, the pretty heroine who, while wrongheaded, is fundamentally sweet, the boyishly awkward, lovable hero, and—this is the best character in the book—the lachrymose comedian. There are even the wisecracks that you want to remember but never can. But these people are real people, and the humor *is good, authentic, indigenous American* humor. It is as much better than the all too frequent efforts of authors to whom art is Art and humor is non-existent, as a good musical comedy is better than a weak melodrama.

GARDA. By ROSE O'NEILL. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

There is a certain discordance between Miss O'Neill's theme and her style. The theme involves a "Wuthering Heights" sort of atmosphere of dark and stormy passion, *but the style is tricksy and whimsical. One* has often noticed something similar in her drawings. When she draws monsters, horrors, and bull-necked brutes, her style does not seem to fit as well as when she draws silken maidens and quaint little gnomes. The style has its charm, but it is a style in which to be happy and amused, rather than one to walk grimly with in a valley of shadows.

THE GREEN TOAD. By *W. S. Masterman.* Dutton. $2.

THE BROKEN MARRIAGE. By *Sinclair Murray.* Dutton. $2.

ARMOUR WHEREIN HE TRUSTED. By *Mary Webb.* Dutton. $2.50.

THE KING MURDER. By *Charles Reed Jones.* Dutton. $2.

A YOUNG PEOPLE. By *Hans Kinck.* Dutton.

RABELAIS. By *Anatole France.* Translated by *Ernest Boyd.* Holt. $5.

THROUGH THE LATTICE. By *Evelyn Close.* Henkle. $2.

OUTSIDERS. By *Josephine Bentham.* Henkle. $2.50.

THE THREE AMATEURS. By *Michael Lewis.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE CUIRASSE OF DIAMONDS. By *Edgar Jepson.* Vanguard. $2.

THE BOOK OF MONELLE. By *Marcel Schwab.* Translated by *William Brown Maloney.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE FIERCE DISPUTE. By *Helen Hooven Santmyer.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE BLACK PIGEON. By *Carolyn Wells.* Greenberg.

YOUNG BLOOD. By *Francis Lynde.* Scribners. $2.

DEATH ON THE AIR. By *Herman Landon.* Liveright. $2.

WILLOW AND CYPRESS. By *Catherine M. Verschoyle.* Longmans, Green. $2.

ROUND UP. By *Ring W. Lardner.* Scribners. $2.50.

SAND. By *Will James.* Scribners. $2.50.

SIR GREGORY'S LAMP AND OTHER STORIES. By *Ivan R. Welty.* Abingdon. $1.50.

THE STORISENDE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Vol. 10. SOMETHING ABOUT EVE. Vol. 11. THE CERTAIN HOUR. Vol. 12. THE CHORDS OF VANITY. McBride.

THE C.V.C. MURDERS. By *Kirby Williams.* Crime Club. $2 net.

Juvenile

(*See Children's Bookshop on page* 864 *and Brief Mention on page* 871.)

Miscellaneous

DICTIONARY TO THE PLAYS AND NOVELS OF BERNARD SHAW, WITH BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HIS WORKS AND OF THE LITERATURE CONCERNING HIM, WITH A RECORD OF THE PRINCIPAL SHAVIAN PLAY PRODUCTIONS. By C. LEWIS BROAD. and VIOLET M. BROAD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $4.

Some books of reference transmit the flavor of their subjects unalloyed while they preserve the integrity of the facts. This dictionary presents varied information about Mr. Shaw's work in economical detail and in several accessible arrangements, and yet misrepresents the qualities of Mr. Shaw.

The two largest parts of the book are the analyses of the plays and novels and the dictionary of characters and places. Each analysis combines Mr. Shaw's own pronouncement with such an adequate account of the plot that it is odd no chemistry should result. In the dictionary each character's function and movements are capably set forth but no personality is revealed. The subordinate parts, which are strictly lists of Mr. Shaw's magazine articles, chronological lists of his writings, and compact histories of play productions and clashes with the censor, have the usefulness of collected information and do not need the firm hand of an interpreter.

The whole book, in spite of the truthfulness of its contents, gives a remarkable impression of a singlehearted Mr. Shaw who writes earnest prefaces to plays of guileless melodrama. The authors have kept their summaries and synopses clear, and they have gathered facts that could hardly be found in any other place, but they have unguardedly neglected to indicate the ideas which Mr. Shaw omits from his prefaces.

If a dictionary could confine its field to spelling there could be no objection to this evasion, but since some entity must emerge from a definition the result is more likely to be accurate if it is intentional. To trust his own words is playing into his hands.

PUBLIC SCHOOL FINANCE. By *Homer P. Rainey.* Century. $3.

EASTER IN MODERN STORY. Edited by *Van Buren* and *Katharine I. Bemis.* Century. $2.

PRODIGAL SONS. By *Montgomery Evans.* Norton. $1.

PEAKS OF INVENTION. By *Joseph Leeming.* Century. $2.50.

THE NEGRO. By *Elizabeth Lay Green.* University of North Carolina. $1.

FAR-AWAY HILLS. By *Wilhelmina Harper* and *Agnes Joy Hamilton.* Macmillan.

THE ECONOMICS OF FARM RELIEF. By *Edwin R. A. Seligman.* Columbia University Press. $3.

METAL CRAFTS IN ARCHITECTURE. By *Gerald K. Geerlings.* Scribners. $7.50 net.

THE READER'S DIGEST OF BOOKS. By *Helen Rex Keller.* Macmillan. $6.

SECRETS OF CHARM. By *Josephine Huddleston.* Putnam. $2.50.

(*Continued on page* 871)

Is Humanism Lost to the World?

HAS the title of humanist, once held very high, been allowed to fall into disuse? Has it gone because modern society has produced no one fit to bear it? From Petrarch to Milton there lived a succession of poets, statesmen, thinkers, and men of letters, counted among the fashioners of our present world, *humanists,* not only because they loved the classics, but because they were absorbed in man, his personality, his fortunes, his passions and fancies and desires. With Milton, apparently, the great tradition breaks off; for since his time "no important figure (save possibly Goethe) has sufficiently interested himself in man's whole life or devoted himself to man as man to deserve the name of humanist." Why should this be so? And what is the difference between the sort of humanist meant here and the modern claimant of the title—the so-called "new humanist?" Will the sociologist and the scientist better fit the name?

Read *Liberty in the Modern World* to find out. There is a most illuminating chapter on "Liberty and Humanism" by a man who might himself have qualified for the title if he could have lived to do so.

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By George Bryan Logan, Jr.

With a Foreword by John Livingston Lowes

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

The Tribe of K, Gary, Indiana, asks help in preparing a list of books for a young man interested in the development of a system of chain stores.

"CHAIN Stores: Their Management and Operation," by W. S. Hayward and P. White (McGraw, Hill), is a large volume covering all phases of the subject; it is now in its second edition. "Chain Store Accounting" is given special treatment in a work with this title by H. C. Greer, also published by the McGraw, Hill Company. And if the young man wants to know what the other stores think about him, there is "The Menace of the Chain," published by the Millis Advertising Co., Indianapolis, which I have not read, but which sounds lowering.

C. Z. L., Portsmouth, Va., inspired by the references to The Archive *in the columns of Howard Mumford Jones and The Phœnician, asks where it may be obtained, the* Virginia Quarterly *being on their stands but not this publication.*

THE ARCHIVE is the monthly published at Duke University, Durham, N. C., and the best way to get it would be to subscribe for it. "*The Archive* Anthology," edited by R. P. Harriss, with an introduction by Professor Jay B. Hubbell, is a collection of verse that appeared in this magazine in 1924-25.

This letter goes on: "I only wish I could drop in and borrow one of the Luckies you keep in your drawer—and see if you look anything like the mental picture I have of May Lamberton Becker. All subscribers are familiar with Mr. Morley's pipe; why can't we have *your* favorite picture?" My favorite picture would never look like me with a Lucky; there is not even one in the drawer of my desk, high over Morningside; I am the only other writing woman in the world who does not smoke, and I say other because I suppose there must be one somewhere. I have given up explaining that this is no more a moral issue than my preference for tea without sugar. But I cannot have my picture taken tapping a neat cigarette, becoming though it might be; it wouldn't be like me. If I have indeed no favorite picture it is because I am by nature a friendly person, and the camera frights this look from my features and smites them with an unholy glare; I look like the little friend of nobody on earth. Just once I was taken, all but embedded in Girl Scouts, and the effect of youth and beauty seemed stronger than the command to look pleasant; the result is that ever since my personal friends have been obliged, in order to get my likeness, to carry about with them a number of Girl Scouts they never met. It reminds me of the man who fell in love with a Tiller girl. I have one picture, taken with the kind assistance of a diffused lens, that looks something like me, but rather more like Jackie Coogan; my managers have been suing it for advance publicity, and so long as I carry about a copy of the *Saturday Review* for identification purposes, reception committees can usually pick me out on station platforms. It would seem that this department must function without my portrait—unless I can chisel off some of those Scouts and present my unescorted face to my friends.

Speaking of pictures, I have just received from *D. G., writing from the charming address of Tite Street, Chelsea, London,* a picture of Mike and the news that Sir E. Wallis Budge, the titles of whose books on learned subjects occupy two solid columns in the British "Who's Who," has just written the slimmest book of his career, a sixteen-page pamphlet called "Mike: The Cat Who Assisted in Keeping the Main Gate of the British Museum from February 1909 to January 1929." In this for the first time the origin of Mike is made known to the public. There was a cat who adopted the British Museum some twenty years since, a forceful personality known as "Black Jack"—this seems to have been one of those miscalculations in naming that hasty people put upon cats. Having his own ideas on the suitability of leather folios for keeping claws in condition, this animal was officially condemned to death, and indeed an official report of his execution was sent to headquarters. But this, it appears, was only in a Pickwickian sense; he was being kept nearby in a place of safety. "Early in the Spring of 1908," the record goes on to state, "the keeper of the Egyptian cat mummies was going down the steps of his official residence, and he saw Black Jack coming towards the steps and carrying something rather large in his mouth. He came to the steps and deposited his burden at the keeper's feet, turned, and walked solemnly away. The something that he deposited was a kitten, and that kitten was later known to fame as Mike."

This comes just in time to meet the call of correspondents in San José, Cal., and other localities, for "more about Mike." Alas, this is all there is about Mike, London's most famous cat since Whittington's.

A. B. T., Cambridge, Mass., says that "if *W. L. S., Cleveland,* who asks for guide-books to Spain, reads French, there is the excellent "Guide Bleu" (Hachette) of 1927 (not a reprint of the 1916, but a new edition). The Spaniards themselves published in 1924 a bulky "Guia Novisima," available in three bindings, one without advertisements on the maps and plans, 45 pesetas; one with such advertisements, 35 p., two volumes with the advertisements, 40 p. It is not nearly so exact as Baedeker or the "Guide Bleu," and much of the extra matter is mere discursiveness, but it is not without value, and I found it and Baedeker supplemented each other nicely. For one who is interested in art, archæalogy, and history, as well as hotels and obvious landmarks, there is the series of regional guides published by Calpé of Madrid. Whether the entire series is in print I can't say, but the one entitled "Levante," which includes the old kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, is excellent. The editor of that particular volume is Sr. E. Tormo y Monzo, the well-known art critic and scholar, and the others are prepared under the editorship of equally capable authorities.

"If I could take but one, it would be without question the 'Guide Bleu.' For one going to that Fortunate Isle, Mallorca, 'Chamberlain's Guide to Majorca' is complete and full of practical information, although one's pleasure in reading it is lessened by his studied discourtesies to the reader. He goes out of his way to be insulting. In spite of that, one can obtain information for walking tours covering the entire island, and suggestions for motor tours of varying lengths."

B. H. H., Cathedral of Saint Mary, Manila, Philippine Islands, asks if there is a study of Erasmus which approves of his course in regard to the Reformation and which is as worth while as Preserved Smith's work.

PRIOR to Preserved Smith's biography of him, the best book we had was Ephraim Emerton's "Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam" (Heroes of the Reformation, Putnam). A briefer work is by Professor John Alfred Faulkner of Drew Theological Seminary, who is a Methodist. The authority whom I consulted on the matter says, "The people who really approve of Erasmus's turning his back on Luther and staying in the Church of Rome are usually Roman Catholics, high churchmen, or psychologists who like to speak of the 'Catholic Reformation' and object to the term 'the counter-reformation.' This point of view has been common in Oxford and reflects a tradition of hostility to Luther which goes straight back to Henry VIII's time and has learned little in the intervening centuries. (See an instructive article by Preserved Smith in the *Harvard Theological Review* a dozen years ago entitled, "English Ignorance of Luther.") To-day, of course, Oxford is making, in the person of P. A. Allen, the most valued of contributions to the exact knowledge of Erasmus and is far more likely to do justice to Luther than was

(*Continued on next page*)

"Never," said Emerson, "read a book until it is a year old....."

WE found this piece of advice, among others, in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,* and we pass it on to help solve your reading problem. Because it is a problem, in these days when twenty-five current best-sellers are fighting for attention at any given time . . . when at least nine-tenths of the new books are favorably reviewed somewhere . . . when it's impossible to buy a new book without the danger of missing something you'd enjoy more—and longer.

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John B. Watson's BEHAVIORISM, published in the spring of 1925. *$3.*

Everett Dean Martin's PSYCHOLOGY was published in 1924; his MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION in 1926. (*$3 each*)

Paul Bekker's STORY OF MUSIC, published in 1927. (*Illustrated, $3.50*)

H. A. Overstreet's INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR was published in 1925, his ABOUT OURSELVES in 1927. (*$3 each*)

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March 16, SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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Author of "The Greene Murder Case," etc.
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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the case ninety years ago at the time of the Oxford Movement. The type of judgment the inquirer is seeking is that contained in George V. Jourdan's "The Movement towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century" (Murra, London, 1914).

H. B. N., East Orange, N. J., finds C. E. Montague's "Easy Reading, Hard Writing" not only fascinating, but highly instructive. He does a little business writing and wishes to follow up the ideas brought out in this article, especially about sentence-forming and the study of "graceful clusters of mellifluous consonants." Is there a book to carry this further?

THERE are several, but the latest to appear, Herbert Read's "English Prose Style" (Holt), is one of the best. It deals with composition; words, epithets, metaphors, the sentence, the paragraph, and arrangement; and with rhetoric, narrative, exposition, fantasy, imagery, intelligence, personality, eloquence, and tradition. The writer's own style is so graceful it is clear that he has taken to heart his own advice—something that cannot be said of every textbook of composition. It is fortified at every point with illustrations from good authority, listed in the back of the book, where one finds that fifteen of these come from contemporary writers. The book was making a decided stir in England when I returned last September; Arnold Bennett was recommending it to readers as much as to writers.

B. H. H. in a letter from the Philippines asks for guide works to Avebury, England, with maps or plans.

"HIGHWAYS and Byways in Wiltshire," by Edward Hutton (Macmillan), describes Avebury and has a drawing of the stones and one of the manor house. F. R. Heath's "Wiltshire" (Methuen, 1919) has an illustration of its "Druid Stones," and there are two in A. G. Bradley's "Round About Wiltshire" (Methuen, 1907). John Murray's "Handbook for Travellers in Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire," which, though published in 1869, may often be found in library collections, has plans of the stone circles. For actual walking tours in this vicinity (as I have found from experience) an ordnance map should be bought at any stationer's shop. This is done by the travellers in Charles G. Brooks's "Roads to the North" (Harcourt, Brace), the latest book to take a traveller through this part of England. "Roundabout to Canterbury" (Harcourt, Brace) led his readers on foot; this time he returns to the bicycle on which he followed "A Thread of English Road" across Southern England. On this latest excursion he spends some time in Avebury, discoursing in his accustomed friendly fashion. It is a charming book for anyone planning or recalling a leisurely journey northward from the Channel to York, though it does set itself so earnestly to the chastening of American tourists it faintly reminds one of people who cannot go swimming in the Atlantic Ocean in summer because it is so crowded—to be sure so it is in spots, but why visit these spots? Like the earlier volumes it is amusingly and practically illustrated.

THERE is a new edition—the eleventh—of the Gold Star annotated list of five hundred American novels "worth reading, worth taking home, worth buying," published by the Syracuse Public Library (25 cents) and a useful aid to anyone building a collection of American fiction. Besides the general list, novels are arranged in a number of shorter lists, by subject, by locality, and—in the case of historical novels—by period.

D. C. H., Indianapolis, Ind., asks if there has been a recent biography of Bishop Francis Asbury, saying that Letitia Stockett's "Baltimore—a not-too-serious History," gives some reference to him, but a good account of his life is needed.

THE most recent biography of Bishop Asbury is by Herbert Asbury, author of "Up from Methodism"; it is entitled "A Methodist Saint" and is published by Knopf. "The Heart of Asbury's Journal," published by the Methodist Book Concern, is edited from that record by E. S. Tipple, author of "Francis Asbury," published by the same house. It also issues H. K. Carroll's "Francis Asbury in the Making of American Methodism"; a short life of Bishop Asbury is published by the Cokesbury Press.

The Compleat Collector.

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Catalogues

THE recent dealers' catalogues, inspired apparently by the advent of spring and the prices of the Jerome Kern sale, have contrived to achieve an unusual degree of interest. It is no longer possible, of course, to discover bargains anywhere, unless one is interested in uniformly-bound sets of Henry D. Thoreau or John Stuart Mill, but in these elegantly printed booklets, it would be discourteous to look for them. An inordinate enjoyment of the situation on the part of those persons who, years ago, were wise enough to get volumes like "Clarissa" and "Pamela" for $135, is perfectly logical and comprehensible: such modest souls can now amuse themselves indefinitely by estimating the latest increases in their wealth, while every one else, especially the dear, foolish virgins of book-collecting, in order not to be outdone, must concentrate upon the futile attempt to divine who next will burst upon English literature as a collector's "item" of infinite worth. The "game of book-collecting," in Mr. Newton's phrase, never ends, and seldom, under any circumstances, admits the final victory of any of the players.

There are, first of all, the Elkin Mathews (London) catalogues, numbers 23 and 24, issued within a few weeks of each other. The earlier, "One Hundred Books," a beautifully made pamphlet with illustrations that are very lovely, is devoted to the literature of the eighteenth century, and includes, beyond the ineluctable Boswell, Johnson, and Goldsmith volumes that no self-respecting work of this kind can lack, Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," London, 1790, in the original boards; Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" and "Miscellaneous Works" with all the Supplements, 1774-1787, in the original boards (the cataloguer, at this point, loses all sense of restraint, and exclaims, "A set . . . such as this has never been offered for sale before, and is almost certainly unique"); William Collins's "Persian Eclogues," 1742, and his "Odes," 1747; Fielding's "Ovid's Art of Love Paraphrased," 1747; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," 1776-1786, and the "Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne pour l'An 1767"; Dr. Johnson's copy of Dr. Burney's "General History of Music," 1776-1789, with notes in the handwriting of Edmund Malone; Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson," 1786, in the original boards, and "The Florence Miscellany," 1785; and the exceedingly rare second edition, 1758, of Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." The other, in the hands of an ordinary dealer, would be a purely conventional affair, with a few unusual items that might be found if the reader's patience were sufficiently developed; here, because of the manner in which the information is presented, the whole possesses the distinction of good work, and stands out as an example of a well-written and honest effort to sell books.

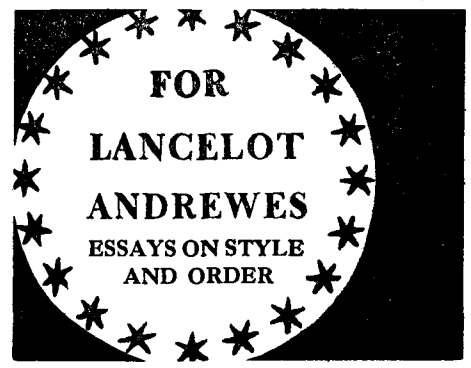
Meanwhile, Mr. Francis Edwards has sent out an elaborate work, "Eighteenth Century England: A Catalogue of Books and Autographs" (New Series, number one), with a frontispiece, title-page, preface, and bibliography of sources consulted in making the notes—it only lacks a few signatures on the half-title, and a colophon regarding the number of copies printed, to place it definitely among the usual finely printed, limited editions. Unlike the Elkin Mathews catalogue, it deals with the century as a whole; there are sections headed "Eighteenth Century Binding and Binders," "Education," "Presses and Printers," "History and Politics," "Science and Art," in addition to "General Literature." It is well done in every way, and its occasional illustrations are excellent.

The Pickering and Chatto catalogue, number 254, while it does not differ particularly from others issued by the same firm, is a splendid example of how dealers ought *not* to present their books to the public. The pages are confused collections of types, some large and very black, some large and light, and some small—there is no rest, and the reader realizes only the effort he must make in order to discover to what volumes the prices he can distinguish happen to be attached. Nothing, however, could be in greater contrast to this than the eleventh catalogue of John Smith & Son, Ltd. (57-61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C.2). Here the authors' names, in large type, are placed in the centre of the pages in lines by themselves, while their works, gathered together beneath their protecting wings, give the impression of trying to help collectors to find whatever they may be interested in, without forcing them to go through pages of boredom.

The American catalogues present a different problem—collectors in this country are interested chiefly in modern writers and in modern fine printing, and even though a few, with some show of bravery, may occasionally venture back of 1850, there is always a feeling that no one, without a definite reason for the intrusion, ought to collect books that belong, almost unconsciously, to the wealthy. There is at present, of course, Mr. Newton's list of One Hundred Best Novels, many of which have rested in placid obscurity for years—armed with its sanction and authority, ladies who attend literary lectures seriously, feel entirely justified in clamoring at their booksellers' for first editions of volumes in this canon, quite regardless of the date of their original publication. The dealers themselves, in some cases, show the effects of such demands: one of them in his recent catalogue lists a copy of Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Joanna Godden," signed by the author on the title-page, with a note remarking, "On the A. E. Newton List," and later on, offers a copy of Jane Austen's "Emma" with a similar kindly note, put in presumably to encourage the timid, in case they feel any degree of hesitation about the work of this lady. This, however, is not a fair example of the best work of the New York dealers; their catalogues are, for the most part, so distinguished by an avoidance of the conventional that they may be taken as models of the best practice in use at this time.

G. M. T.

AT the Sotheby sale on March 26th of the Earl of Malmesbury's library, Gabriel Wells, after a struggle with Dr. Rosenbach, succeeded in obtaining the copy of the 1663 Shakespeare Folio, first issue, with the portrait on the title, for approximately $27,000. The auction catalogue description spoke of it as "an extremely fine copy, in an early eighteenth century binding," comparable in condition to the Buckley volume which was sold in 1907. It is interesting to observe that the previous high price for this edition, brought, it is perhaps unnessary to point out, at the Kern sale, was $8,000.



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Dr. Rosenbach, however, gained a copy of the Caxton "Chronicles of England," Westminster, 10 June, 1480, bound with his "Description of Britain," 1480, two volumes not recorded by Mr. De Ricci in his "Census," for about $14,500.

The American Art Association announces that on the evenings of April 18 and 19 the Harry N. Abercrombie library will be sold. This collection consists of library sets of standard authors, books in fine bindings, and rare color-plate books, largely English and American.

In the same auction rooms on the 24th of April, the art library of the late Howard Reifsnyder will be sold. This collection includes many rare volumes on furniture and cabinet making that, apparently, are to be found nowhere else. The more important works are: the design books of Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite; Thomas Sheraton's "Cabinet Dictionary," 1803, complete with the rare supplements; three editions of his "Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Drawing Book"; Abraham Swan's "British Architect," London, about 1780; Matthias Darly's "Ornamental Architect, or Young Artist's Instructor," 1770; Brunetti's "Sixty Different Ornaments," London 1736; the first, second, and third editions of Hepplewhite's "Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Guide"; Batty Longley's "City and Country Builder's and Workman's Treasury of Designs," London, 1740; Thomas Chippendale's "Gentleman and Cabinetmaker's Director," 1754, together with the second edition of the following year, and the third of 1762; and M. Lock's "A New Drawing Book of Ornaments, Shields, Compartments, Masks." G. M. T.

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Here is the report:

THAT MAN RIPLEY

[With a bow to Baron Munchäusen, Marco Polo, Ananias, Norman Klein, the New York Evening Post and Ripley himself.]

He is twenty-one feet tall. He was once known as Aimee Semple McPherson and later doubled for Rin-tin-tin. He has been married thirty-seven times.

He died in 1907 at the age of 160 and left two sons—one 9 years old, the other 103.

He left about 40,000 direct descendants including his great-great-great-grandfather, who is revered as Senator Heflin.

He wrote Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

He has not spoken to his landlord for 30 years.

He is acclaimed in Djocjockarte as the Sultan Hamenghoeboswons senopattingalgonabgura altmansridon otajonode IV.

He eats three Japanese babies for breakfast every morning.

He coined the epigram, "There is no lead in a lead pencil."

He once borrowed $4.00 from Harry Lauder.

America's three best sellers in the field of general literature are still three *Inner Sanctum* publications ranking 1-2-3.

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[NOTE TO SKEPTICS: *Ask* Brentano's, Macy's, Womrath's, Baker and Taylor. The American News Company and the Doubleday-Doran Shops.]

But today your correspondents are in a Riplesque mood and the column belongs solely to that raider of the world's credulity. Here, then, is a bookman's edition of

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

IN THE WORD RACKET

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—*The Inner Sanctum* has had its best luck with bearded authors [TRADER HORN, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, WILL DURANT].

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—on December 1, 1924, SIMON AND SCHUSTER sold more than 65,000 *Cross Word Puzzle Books*.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—*Cross Word Puzzle Books* are still best sellers, going at the rate of more than 60,000 copies a year!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—*The Inner Sanctum* turned down, or passed up, WILL ROGERS, MILT GROSS, *Bad Girl*, and *I've Got Your Number!*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—*Trader Horn* now has a new Ford, a chauffeur, and a private secretary.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—SIDNEY S. LENZ, the world's champion bridge player, has won more than 654 cups, medals, and other trophies in national and international tournaments.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—this was the easiest column ever written by

—ESSANDESS

THE PHOENIX NEST

SPRING fever! We have had a very nice typewritten announcement of "Jehovah's Day," by *Mary Borden*, with picture of author; but as we haven't read the book, how in thunder can we say anything about it? (The way people send you publicity and think you can say something about a book.) Wait a *minute*—maybe it's on that table. Yeah, sure; here it is sure 'nuff. We don't like the jacket. We don't like the cover. There's an awful lot of the typography. Otherwise it seems to be a regular size book. . . .

The University of Chicago Press tells us all about "A Balzac Bibliography," by *William H. Royce*, "enthusiastic Balzacian of the first rank." And that's the first we've ever heard of him. Anyway, we always are apt to read "Bibliography" as "Biography" and think that it's something really interesting. What do we care about hundreds of titles! We have lain awake nights making up hundreds of titles, all by ourselves—but most of them unprintable. A pity. . . .

Oh, dear, dear. . . .

We seem to be sour this week. Nothing pleases us. We opened three packages of books, and they were all books we'd seen before. The Macmillan Company, at this juncture, has the audacity to ask us, "If Chicago's population spends 93 minutes every day in reading, is it therefore more literate than New York?" Oh, come, come! Even if it is, what do we care. Heigho! . .

Lawrence Brownell Smith wants us to write our thoughts about "Ryder," by *Djuna Barnes*. We can't. Once we called up Horace Liveright's office and the girl who answered the 'phone evidently thought we were John S. Sumner, though we spelled our name out carefully for her. Lawrence Brownell Smith seems to like neither *Walter Winchell* nor *The Inner Sanctum*. The first thing he knows, he says, he will have to write his Congressman. And get, for his pains, a lot of packages of seeds! Never again will Lawrence Brownell Smith trust us with a cheque, for we done los' it. Never mind, we have learned how to mix both a Beatrixie and a Cobblestone. . . .

The third dinner of the P. E. N. Club season will be held next Wednesday, April tenth, at 7.30 at the Hotel Commodore. They hope to have as guests of honor *John Drinkwater* and *Stella Benson*. But what if they do? We're too tired to think about that. . . .

Walter Lippman has made an honest attempt to think out something . . . begins a Macmillan note. We're always doing that. And getting all mixed up. It's rather sad, especially now that Spring is—or is not—here. Or is it not? Or is what not? . . . .

This *must* be Spring fever! The Vanguard Press says it has a "stupendous book about the Negro in America." Uh-huh. No. 18956432009. Probably. But we are getting a bit dry—a bit dry. . . .

And we just read the title of *Edna Bryner's* new novel. "While the Bridegroom Tarried," as "White Bridegroom Tarred," and we think that's a much better title anyway. We do so. It is. . . .

Come, come, don't be flippant, Augustus. The Spring number of "Fashions of the Hour" from Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, tells what kind of neckties *Donald Ogden Stewart*, *Struthers Burt*, *Rollo Peters*, *Chris Morley*, *Alfred Lunt*, and so on, like to wear. Not that this has anything whatever to do with literature but Don says he wishes Mrs. Stewart (to whom he owes everything) would let him wear the ties he likes. Chris says that he matches his ties to his companion (which I, personally, think is just a great big lie) and says his taste in them (not companions) has improved by austere simplification. (All right, all right, you may think so!) . . . .

Do you know that limerick that begins, "There was a young girl of Baroda. . . .?" No, no, we mean that illuminated copies (considerably illuminated) of the Prologue for the old Rialto theatre, in cardboard mailing tube, can be had for one simoleon from Hoboken Theatrical Co., Steneck Trust Bldg., Hoboken, N. J.? And cheap at the price, if you'll come in some day and look at the one framed in our reception room. . . .

And so the Princeton theological student says . . . that *Homer Croy* has sold "They Had to See Paris" to *Will Rogers* as his first talking picture. Will Rogers will leave the cast of the Broadway musical comedy which he is now in and go to Hollywood—and O, now I'm so tired. . . .

Eddie Cantor—No, No!—*Club and Campus*, published by Wallach Brothers—announces "New Neckties of English Derivation," and "Interesting Attire of English Origin," also "Good Looking Accessories of Importance." What has *that* got to do with literature. Well, we gotta dress, ain't we? . . . .

The illustrations to *Club and Campus* make us want to go right out and buy a wardrobe. When you glance at those Doette golf gloves with leather-grip left glove, and cast your eye over those circular pin stripe hose in imported lisle, you just forget Father and Mother and Steele and Dryden. . . .

All we want is a belted back sports jacket and a double-ring pigskin belt, with, perhaps—to crown all, a comfortable constructed Scotch grain semi-brogue. Come o-o-o-o-o-o-on, that's no hat! All right, all right, a raw edge Homburg with narrow curled brim "is still the first choice of men who dress with care." . . .

By the way, what are we doing? Oh, yes. We wish to turn at this point—jog right and left and detour—to the Prospectus of Anderson books. *Carl J. H. Anderson*, Publisher, 514 Ludlow Street, Philadelphia —and Carl has a new idea. You pay him twenty-nine seventy (seventy is cents) and you get the first six volumes of the books he is going to publish. Or you pay him ten dollars down and promise him five seventy-five on the receipt of the first volume and five seventy-five on the receipt of the next three volumes, and he still preserves his equanimity. His idea is to reprint the "books which continue perennially to enthuse Man" (His own words, God help him!) "*at none but moderate prices*," beautifully designed and decorated. Fine and beautiful books! Worth the price, we should say. The titles are to be chosen from among such as these, "Tristram Shandy," "Vanity Fair," "Huckleberry Finn," "Typee," "Lord Jim," "Riders to the Sea," "The Four Million," "Journal to Stella," "The Song of Solomon," "Fathers and Sons," "Hudibras," "Seven Men," "Jude the Obscure," and many others. We ourselves think it's a good bet, and we are going to subscribe. The address we have given you above. Ask for a copy of the Prospectus. . . .

Mr. William S. Hall has been appointed Manager of Sales for *William Edwin Rudge*, Publisher, of 475 Fifth Avenue. That's that. . . .

Do you know what the Wicked Bible was? Well, once *Robert Barker*, the King's Printer, issued over his imprint a Bible in which the word "not" was omitted from the seventh commandment. In 1631 he was fined by the Star Chamber two hundred pounds therefor. Which reminds us that the license to print the Bible was granted to the Oxford University Press in 1633, and that they haven't made any such mistake since. . . .

Buy "A Native Argosy," by *Morley Callaghan* (Scribner's). It contains fourteen stories and two short novels, and what more do you want for good measure? . . .

A new volume in the Modern Library is *Conrad Aiken's* "American Poetry, 1671-1928," a comprehensive anthology, as it is subtitled. Except that, to our mind, it isn't comprehensive. Still its choices carefully endeavor to avoid the usual stuff of anthologies and are consequently of more peculiar interest. . . .

We thank Bobbs-Merrill for sending us "Dark Star," by *Lorna Moon*, which we can't mention too often—for its title. And we see that Stokes has crashed into lowercase on "a modern girl," and "as we are," the latter being "a series of psychographs in form and colors," one of the oddest books we have seen for some time. . . .

Yes, Joe Titzell and William Reydel, we know that "Paul Beaujon" is Beatrice L. (Mrs. Frederic) Warde, typographer extraordinary, and that her mother is Mrs. Becker of "The Reader's Guide." But we should never try to be "quaint." . . .

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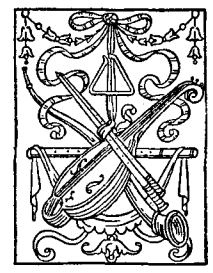

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 866*)

A Select Bibliography of the Principal Modern Presses, Public and Private, in Great Britain and Ireland. By *G. S. Tomkinson*. London. The First Edition Club.

Bibliographical Notes on T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and "Revolt in the Desert." By *T. German-Reed*. London: Foyle.

Quakers in Action. By *Lester M. Jones*. Macmillan. $2.

Ancient Pagan Symbols. By *Elizabeth Goldsmith*. Putnam. $3.

The American Year Book, 1928. Edited by *Albert Bushnell Hart* and *William M. Schuyler*. American Year Book Corporation. $7.50 net.

The French Franc, 1914-1928. By *Eleanor Lansing Dulles*. Macmillan. $6.50.

Stuart Politics in Chapman's "Tragedy of Chabot." By *Norma Dobie Solve*. University of Michigan. $2.50.

Sibyls and Seers. By *Edwyn Bevan*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

Brief Mention

Man cannot live by bread alone, nor can children's imaginations subsist entirely on stories dealing with the ordinary material of modern life. It is excellent that the younger generation should hear about the grocery stores, the locomotives, and subways, of the workaday world, but to bid definitely farewell to rewards and fairies would be for the child an exile from a goodly part of his heritage.

At its best the fanciful tale is literature of a high order. It is created, as are all great works of art, without ulterior purpose. It amuses but does not instruct, except insofar as it is instructive for the child reader to become aware however dimly that beauty is its own excuse for being. But the fanciful tale at its second and third best and poorest is the worst possible choice for the child's reading list, for one cannot say of it even that it is harmless. The inferior story of this type is bad because its array of highly colored characters and incidents creates in the child a desire for excitement at any cost, purely for itself, without reasonable basis or sequence. Of such were the Oz books, greatly beloved and much to be deplored. Of such, too, are some of the books listed in the footnote below, although it may be said of most of them merely that apparently they were evolved without the fundamental brainwork essential to the really good fanciful tale.

"The Golden Prince" by Dorothy Heslop Joos (Duffield: $2.), is a somewhat conventional, wholly romantic story, suitable for girls and boys from nine to twelve and older. It tells of the adventures of Clare in the land of the witches, and of her final winning into Fairyland, and her wedding to Prince Auro. It is a profuse book, lavish of its adjectives and incidents. Competently written, it yet remains undistinguished from hundreds of other fairy-stories of the past and present.

Mary Graham Bonner's "Magic Journeys" (Macaulay: $2.50), is a book with a purpose. Like its predecessor, "The Magic Map," it is designed to encourage in children an interest in geography. A boy is taken on an adventurous journey through the Eastern hemisphere, meeting on his way such worthies as the twins Latitude and Longitude, Axis, and Equator. The text is enlivened with jingles and curiously energetic pictures. Doubtless the book will interest and amuse a child reader, but it is deplorable that it should be so, for ingeniousness is not imagination, nor does enthusiasm altogether atone for a lack of discrimination.

Gretchen Krohn and John Norton Johnson have collaborated in a group of tales called "The Scales of the Silver Fish" (Bobbs-Merrill: $2). The silver fish of the title is the teller of these stories, and the audience consists of Bumble and Bee, a small Princess and Prince. The stories range from Noah to Coral Neptune, a sixteen-year-old mermaid, and, while sufficiently acceptable in content, are considerably marred by the triteness and triviality of the style.

"The Marvelous Land of Snerge," written by E. A. Wylkie-Smith and illustrated by George Morrow (Harpers: $2.50), is on the border land between grown-up and child literature. It is the story of Miss Watkyn's settlement for superfluous children, and the ungrateful conduct of Sylvia and Joe, who escape from their blessings and have many adventures with ogres and witches, until they return finally to Watkyn's Bay. The book has humor and spirit, but its method is far too elaborate for children.

"A Quart of Moonlight," by James Woodward Sherman (Little, Brown: $1.50), and "The Santa Claus Brownies," by Ethel Clavert Phillips (Houghton Mifflin: $1.50), are fairy tales of a rather undistinguished order. The first is the pleasant little story of the embassy on which the moon, who has heard rumors that trouble him, sends a quart of his finest moonlight. The second is adapted to the Christmas season, being a group of stories about Santa Claus's workmen; the first of the group, "The Rocking-Horse Pony Who Wanted Blue Eyes," is really a success. Both books are suitable for children from five to eight years, and are prettily and simply written.

Martin W. Sampson who has given us the story of "The Good Giant" (Houghton Mifflin: $2) has written a group of tales somewhat above the average. If there is a certain sameness about some of Philo's adventures, several of the stories, notably "The Fat Kobold," are original and picturesque, and all are well written, with something of the sturdiness of folk-tales.

"Caleb and the Friendly Animals" (Duffield: $2), written and illustrated by Albert L. Webster, is again something above the general run of children's books. The pictures themselves, with their odd effect of being photographic negatives, have a haunting and evocative quality and are quite the best part of the book. The story of Caleb's discovery of a land peopled by endearing and peaceful animals, is, however, a pleasant one, and will be interesting to children from seven to ten.

"The Flying Horse," written by Kasimir and Olga Kovalsky and illustrated by Wanda Petrunkevitck (Milton Bradley: $1.75), approaches the folk-tale in its material and method. It is the story of the youngest of three brothers, who is to all appearances a dunce, but who by the aid of his marvelous flying horse marries the lovely Czarina and becomes Czar. Built up as the story is with a due reverence for the mystic number three, progressing steadily through a series of arbitrary and amazing adventures, it has, in parts, the genuine rhythm of a folk-tale. The pictures are unusually good, fluent and strong; and indeed, except for occasional trivialities of style, the book as a whole is good.

Good, too, in its intention is "Little Heiskell," written by Isabelle Hurlbutt and gayly illustrated by Alida Conover (Dutton: $2). This is the story of the adventures of the little redcoat when he leaves his post on top of the weathervane on the market at Hagerstown and ventures into the world below. How he helps the orphans Victor and Frieda to keep their beloved grandfather-clock, how he foils and eventually converts their oppressor Old Reum—all this makes a good Christmas story for children from six to ten. If the book is perhaps too reminiscent of the "Christmas Carol," it is at least on the side of the angels in being so.

"The Bluenose Express," by Zillah K. Macdonald (Appleton: $1.50), is the story of Hiawatha, the engine which had drawn the "Bluenose Express" for many years. At the beginning of the story Hiawatha is about to be sent to the scrap heap, a fate which all right-minded locomotives dread. But Hiawatha's engineer Danny, himself on the edge of retirement, manages to save his old favorite and converts it into a home for himself and his grandchildren. And during this Indian summer of comparative ease, several of the most exciting and honorable events of Hiawatha's career occur. The book will appeal to children from six to eight, and is well-written and well-illustrated. It combines very happily the realistic and the fanciful, and while, perhaps, more successful as an example of realism in children's books, has certainly some of the characteristic virtues of the imaginative tale. It is a well constructed piece of work, unpretentious and straightforward, and it has its moments of a kind of sober fancy which are very pleasing.

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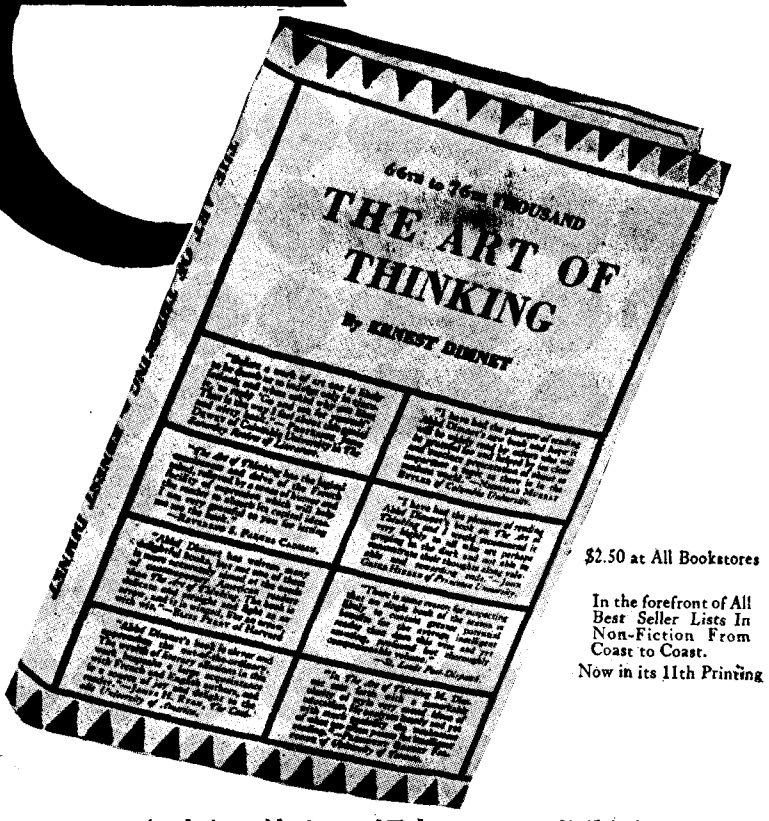

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